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The Seed

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SEED

CHICAGO VOL. 5, NO. 4 35 CENTS



SPECIAL THANK ON THIS COVER TO THE
DISNEY ESTATE & THE SAN JOSE RED EYE

This, in case you hadn't noticed, is Volume 5 Number 4 of the Seed. It's a little late, but for once, it was done on purpose. We decided to hold the presses until last week's cataclysm could be assessed.

Pending the revolution and end of life as we've come to know it, the Seed appears every two weeks or so from 2551 N. Halsted and can be plugged into the Intergalactic World Brain by dialing the numbers 929-0133 or -0134.

Through the apocalypse came — Wanderoo, Lynda, Sue, Marshall, Abe, Eliot, Armando, Rita, Camille, Gretch, Barbara, Stanley, Black Panther Party, White Panther Party, David, Terry, Chester Anderson, LNS (David Fenton, Karen Wald, Rip-off Service), Tim Yip and the Iowa Rip, Ed Sanders, Karl Heinz-Meschbach, Greg Hagen, Peter Solt, Wavy's Navy, Captain Stevie, Walt Kelly, Bruce Iglauer, Joel, Robert Grant, Phi Photos, John and Debbie, Dick O'Brien, Nanker Phelge, Donovan and George and Bill (-won't you please come home).

We would like to clear up any mis-impressions that may have been left by our listing of the amount of phos-



phates contained in the leading detergents. Amway was listed as containing the most phosphates, with over 50%, but, as several callers informed us, only 1/4 as much Amway is used for each wash, so that only one-fourth the amount of pollutant phosphates are released. Also, Amway makes an all-purpose, non-toxic cleaner called Liquid Organic Cleaner that is entirely organic and can be used for everything from cleaning your car to brushing your teeth to washing your clothes. Sorry, Amway.

We DO have a couple of things to add, however. We'd like to send a whitewashed crow to Melvin's of State Street for instructing their waitresses to stall any black customers who look like they're in a hurry, and rush any who look like they want to sit around and have a good time. We'd like to send a book of magic tricks to Peter Fischetti, who squeals when the pigs squeeze him. And finally, a copy of the want-ad section of the Chicago Tribune to the Chicago Red Squad, who generously offered Bernie Farber a job when he advertised for one in the pages of the Seed.

P.S. To all the outlaws who came through with supplies...thanks and we sure could use that flatbed truck.

The Amerikan invasion of Cambodia is final proof, if any is still needed, of how desperate this government really is. They have launched the most significant escalation of the war since 1965 as May, the traditional month of rebellion and revolution, begins. Antiwar and student protest has been slowly smothering in its own irrelevance and impotence since April of '68, two years ago. Nothing could be more perfectly timed and executed to revive it than what Nixon and company have done. The education industry, by far the most important industry in the country, is being seriously disrupted, if not irrevocably crippled. Campus ROTC, the Army's main source of junior officers, looks like a goner as of now. Millions of young people who were pretty much resigned to waiting Nixon out on the war are suddenly active radicals. The FBI, local red squads and sundry other elements of piggery are swamped overnight by a hundredfold increase in antiwar and "subversive" activity, almost all of it done by people they have never heard of before. The general public, except for the rightwing bizzaros like the Tribune, accept this series of campus strikes, riots, seizures, etc., as absolutely natural, in the order of things. Nixon escalates the war, the young explode. Everyone knows that. It seems inconceivable that Nixon is so far out of it that he didn't know it, or at least that no one told him. But there he is, old plastic face, talking with a vocabulary all his own: "just peace" means total victory, "de-escalate" means escalate, "protective response" means invasion (the cycle reaches completion — one remembers that in Sept. 1939 Hitler said he had ordered the invasion of Poland for Germany's "protection").

Had Nixon waited just six weeks, the campuses would be out, the youth of the nation spread out and scattered. There would have been riots: New York, Telegraph Avenue. Every four months there are riots in those kind of places. Reagan gets another chance to campaign, there are busts, injuries. Big deal. So why the hell did he do something so utterly stupid, making the riskiest move he has ever made at the worst possible time of the year?

The immediate reason is that the monsoon starts in six weeks, and the Cambodia invasion is over for a while at that point whether Nixon likes it or not. So delaying six weeks is tactically impossible. (Of course, the rains chose this year to come a little early, making the move an all-around disaster for Nixon.) The alternative, given that an escalation in May means an absolute blowout of the nation's youth, is to not invade, wait out the monsoon, and see what's happening after that. Why didn't Nixon, supposedly the canny politician, do it? The reason, the only possible reason for the whole cataclysm, is that the U.S. is seriously, inexorably losing the war. They simply cannot continue to placate the antiwar sentiment at home and escape defeat abroad. Losing — losing control of the enormous natural resources of Southeast Asia, having scores of liberation movements around the world gain immeasurable strength and morale from the victory of the Vietnamese people, losing control of other world resources as a result of that — is unacceptable to those who determine Amerikan foreign policy. Very simply, Amerika, with 7% of the world's population, now controls about 55% of the world's wealth in resources. This situation must continue if Amerika's inflated, overgrown economy is to

INVASION

avoid serious recession or collapse. However, the rightful owners of these resources — those who live there — are for the most part determined to wrest them away from the Amerikan corporations who now own them. Whether this happens through socialist revolution — as



in Cuba — or through executive fiat — as in Peru — matters only slightly to the corporations. The dictators tend to pay for what they reclaim, the revolutionaries don't. However, dictators who expropriate Amerikan "property" are rare and usually vulnerable to CIA coups, etc., while people's movements who do so or intend to do so are universal.

Nixon said in his Cambodia speech:

"To get peace at any price now, even though I know that a peace of humiliation for the United States would lead to a bigger war or surrender later."

Distegarding the errant syntax, he is exactly right. If Amerika loses the resources it now controls in Southeast Asia, it will be faced with a hundred other liberation movements bent on driving Amerikan corporations from their countries. The conflagration will be world-wide until Amerika is finally driven to accept its proper role in the world order — a modest economy and a modest, non-gluttonous people who live off their own resources and do not rob others of their wealth and labor. This doesn't mean that Amerika will be conquered by some other nation — only that we will have to give up purely Amerikan phenomena such as second cars, thousand dollar wardrobes, supersonic transports, and more weaponry and instruments of death than the world has ever seen before.

In order to win, estimates the Rand Corporation, the U.S. would have to use ten million soldiers for ten years in Indochina!!! Not to mention the problem of the swiftly escalating war at home, which would almost certainly disable this country long before ten more years are up. In order to keep this country functioning internally, Nixon must make concessions to a de-escalation policy which he has no intention of carrying through. But it is now impossible for him to continue even token de-escalation and avoid catastrophic loss abroad! So he cannot play both sides anymore — he must choose between the needs of the people here and abroad, who cannot bear more suffering, and the needs of the corporation presidents and board chairmen, who cannot bear financial disaster in their empire. Nixon, craven opportunist that he is, has made his choice. It is not really a feasible decision — his parameters narrow steadily — for there is no realistic hope for a U.S. victory in Southeast Asia aside from turning it into a giant parking lot. All he can do is hang on, damn the expense in human suffering and in cash, and hope that somehow the Vietnamese decide to give up. Those worthies have fought almost steadily since the 1930's to win their country back from the French, the Japanese, the French again and now Amerika. They aren't about quit now.

Nixon, then, is the man who history has forced to preside over the dissolution of the Amerikan empire. He is a desperate, vicious man. When cornered, he may do anything. He and his honchos must be removed from power with surgical precision, lest damage to surrounding tissue or death of the patient occur. It's entirely possible that he will contemplate the use of nuclear weapons in a last-ditch gamble to preserve Amerikan power. He must be stopped before he reaches such a point. As this is written, it looks like school is mostly over in Amerika this year. The next step is to shut it all down.

Armando

[Thousands gathered in New Haven May first and second to protest the coming trial of Bobby Seale and eight other Panthers for murder, kidnapping and conspiracy. The speakers and workshops made it clear that people understand the government's attempt to rip off Bobby and the others as part of a campaign to snuff anyone who won't play its game. Events at Kent State and in Cambodia have proved them to be right on.]

The following rap by Abbie Hoffman needs no explanation.]

It's good to be back in Chicago. Did you see President Agnew's speech last night? Nixon, I mean. Did you see the way his hands were shaking when he held those papers? You knew there was one first class notherfucking loser. [applause] If America lost its face in Vietnam, it's going to lose its ass in Cambodia. [applause]

We just sent a delegation of the Youth International Party led by Nancy Rubin to Sweden--she met with those people. And they said, "The NLF is gonna win!" They're winning over there. They've got 12-year-old kids arm-wrestling B-52s to the ground--they're winning! We can learn more from the NLF than from all the heroin-producing factories like Yale University, we

sion, to fight against that fascism, we've got to be together. We've got to have solidarity. We've got to recognize what Jean Genet might have said, "*Nous sommes tous des arabes, nous sommes tous des arabes*"--that's French, that means we all need a bath. That means in the eyes of America we are all outlaws, we are all outlaws and we're going to act that way, we're going to fight like outlaws. [applause]

How we gonna do it?

Did you know that all of us were just on trial in Chicago? Did you hear about that trial? People said, "How'd it happen?" Well, I'll tell ya. Judge Julius Geritol Hoffman, the old fucker, denied 37 straight motions, said, "It's OK, let the government wiretap, yeah the law's unconstitutional, that's OK," arrested four lawyers on the first day, wouldn't let us move our tables together, wouldn't grant one motion, spit in the face of the constitution, and THEN on the 37th motion he denied Bobby Seale the right to have his own attorney Charles R. Garry, who was going to represent us all.

He denied that right and he said to Mr. Kunstler, "Motion denied." And Bobby Seale, brave warrior, showed us how to do it. Bobby Seale rose in his chair and looked Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman right in the eye and said, "Hey boy." [applause]

what the hell the courts are about. Everybody knows that it was Mayor Daley and the other fucking pigs that were responsible for that, but there's no court in America that will put old Dick Daley on trial-- no court but the streets. [applause]

You don't have to be a crazy Yippie, you can be one of those respectable presidents or something [waves over towards Yale] and you can recognize the fact that in America no black revolutionary's gonna get a fair trial in America -- never! Jury of our peers -- bullshit! If you had come into that stainless steel cuckoo nest in Chicago you'd look at our table with the Conspiracy, you'd look at the jury, you'd say jury of your peers my ass -- they come from another fuckin planet.

So what we learned -- we're out, we're out, not because of Senators, not one liberal Senator came out and protested that trial -- Clean for Gene, George McGovern, Teddy on the Bridge -- none of those fuckers. What got us out was the fact that 500,000 brothers and sisters took to the streets, see, and said that they were on trial, we're all part of the Conspiracy, one goes, we all go on trial -- that's what we gotta do every goddamned time. [applause]

And now Chicago has come to New Haven. And here we are. Here we are as a people. Here we are as an emerging nation amid a dying empire and there is the

NO HAVEN

can learn more from the NLF. We can learn how to win.

The people of the world are going to defeat that Goliath called imperialism, that Goliath, the American dinosaur that thrashes around in the rice paddies and the mud of history, they're going to defeat it. There are one billion Davids around the country with rocks in their hands, there are one billion Judiths with knives ready to sneak in the tent and cut the head off the mother-fucking monster. [applause]

The people of the world are united to fight against imperialism and the Philistines down in Washington. President Agnew, General Mitchell, Hayakawa, Martha Raye, all those fucking Philistines--they know that they've lost that war over there, and because they have lost their quest for a world empire, fascism begins at home. They are out to devour us, that dying empire.

We will not submit, we will not go into the ovens, we will fight back. We will not submit to America's Children For Breakfast Program--FUCK OFF, you Philistines in Washington! [applause, mayhem]

But to fight against that kind of political repres-

And that did it. Old Julie dropped his glasses, leaned over and said, "WHAT WAS THAT?" Kunstler got up and said, "That was one of the defendants." "What the fuck is a defendant? In 575 years on the federal court, the highest court in the land (ain't fucking high court at all), in 752 years, I NEVER heard a defendant speak out!"

We all stood up and we said to Julie, "Julie, the times they are a'changin'." [mayhem]

And now seven of us have been let back, let back into the minimal security penitentiary of the United States, while one of our brothers has to sit in a maximum security penitentiary right here. We ain't going to stand for it. We ain't gonna sleep one minute until Bobby Seale is set free, and Erika, and all the other Panthers in jail.

We learned a lot of things in the court. And one thing we learned is that the courts aren't like what we were taught in the fourth grade. They aren't about justice. They're about keeping the power and the property of the people who already got the fucking shit. That's

house of death right over there, the courthouse. It looks like a nice building, it's sensible, it's rational, it ain't violent, it ain't crazy, it ain't a freak like us. But over there is where they're going to send people to the death house and we ain't never going to let that happen. OK. There are people here who are going to stay all week. There are people here who are going to stay all summer. There's a lot to get together. Workshops, everything, we've got to get it together. And we gotta be here. All summer.

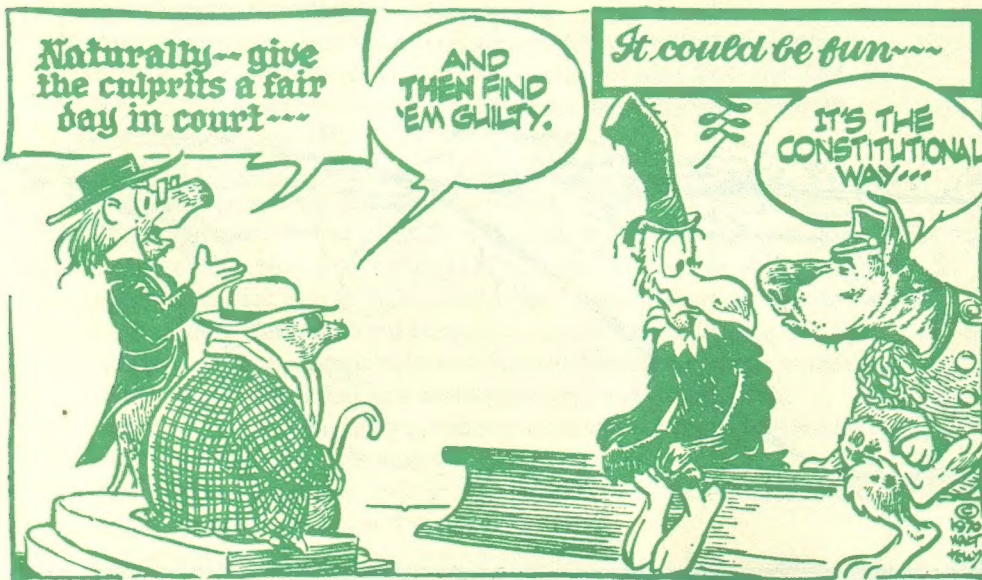
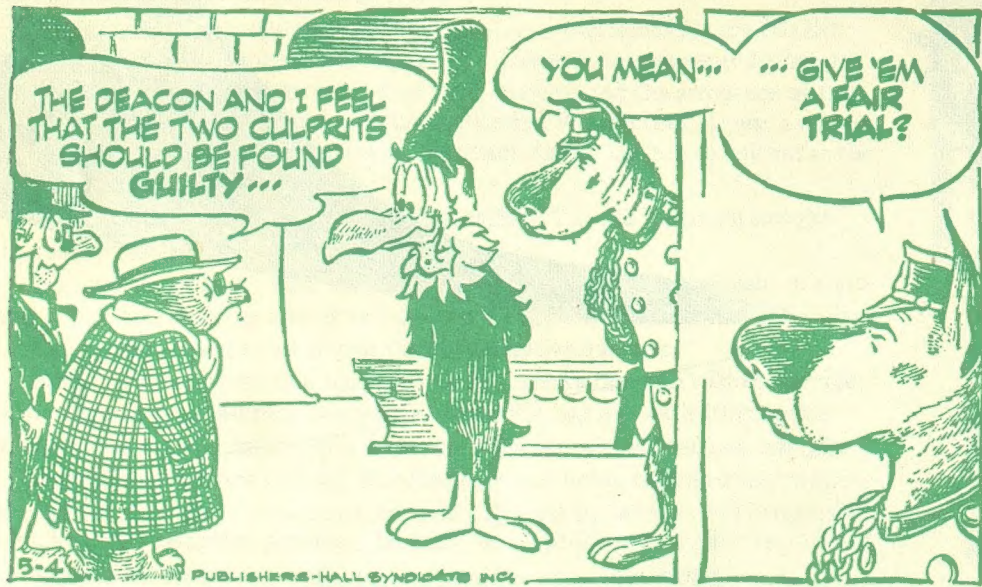
The trial starts -- we gotta be here. If it starts on Monday, we picket on Monday, we picket on Tuesday, we picket on Thursday, we picket on Friday, we picket on Saturday, we picket on Sunday. And if they find Bobby and Erika and the other Panthers guilty, we're going to pick that fucking building up and send it to the moon. [screams]

WE ARE GOING TO FREE BOBBY, we are going to Free Erika, we are going to free the Panthers, come hell or high fire. RIGHT ON! [warhoops, chanting FREE BOBBY SEALE!!!!!!!!!!!!]

On May 8th, the State of Illinois dropped all 25 indictments against the seven survivors of last December's raid on the Monroe Street home of Fred Hampton, during which 14 agents of the State's Attorney's Office combined to kill Fred and Peoria Defense Captain Mark Clark. The charges included attempted murder, armed violence, aggravated battery, theft, unlawful possession of weapons, and

unlawful use of a weapon. Asst. State's Attorney Motherway said in making his motion that "the methods used to recover and identify the evidence seized...may well prevent our satisfying judicial standards of proof."

Shortly after Judge Epton granted the motion, the Illinois Branch Black Panther Party held a press conference. This is their statement.



On December 4, 1969 Edward V. Hanrahan gave the OK signal for his hired gang of racists and assassins to move in and murder Fred Hampton, The Deputy Chairman of the Illinois Chapter Black Panther Party and Defense Captain Mark Clark. In doing this, in outright murdering two of the people's most faithful and diligent servants, they struck a blow to the faces of black people throughout the world.

These pigs have not only murdered Fred Hampton and Mark Clark; they've maimed for life Ronald Satchel, Brenda Harris, Blair Anderson, and Verlina Brewer. They destroyed machinery, furniture, clothing, and stole money. NOW they ask us to forget about it; that the case is closed. Well we don't accept their apology and is not forgotten. We see clearly that this is a plan schemed up by the Federal Grand Jury and the State's Attorney Department to keep them from exposing their ace card, those agents who they would have to indict to present their prosecution. The Federal Grand Jury saw the error that Edward Hanrahan had made in that the lies that Hanrahan and his gang had told were contradictory and ill-timed. They saw that the only move they could make to rectify Hanrahan's mistake was to drop the charges on the seven survivors of the December 4th tomb.

The people--they saw the error that was made, which was to make that aggressive act on the people's warriors.

On March 7, 1970 the people held an inquest into what really happened. They pointed out how Hanrahan tried to make nail holes appear to be bullet holes. How James (gloves) Davis, a long-time enemy of the people, swore he was shot at by Brenda Harris with a shotgun to justify his action of maiming her for life. The people exposed Edward Hanrahan and his band for not only being criminals of the highest caliber but for being fools for thinking that they could lie so crooked and it would come out so straight. The people indicted Edward V. Hanrahan as mastermind and gangleader behind the fascist act of December 4th. As for his gang bangers, they were convicted as the mercenaries who carried out his plan.

Those pigs are lying with a crooked face when they say this is justice. They are trying to hide what really happened by dropping the charges because they can't afford to expose themselves any further at this time.

To pigs have dropped their charges. The people haven't. The people will get justice.

AVENGE THE MURDER OF FRED HAMPTON AND MARK CLARK!



The issues were easy to understand. The outrage was all but universal. The Movement's response was to launch a programmatic turnoff.

Nixon, with the advice and consent of Margaret Mitchell and Strom Thurmond, ordered troops into Cambodia. Clean-cut All American college students across the country responded in large numbers to the outrage. Even at Kent State University, a school that trains middle-class Jewish students to be real estate lawyers and certified public accountants, the student body rallied to petition the President to get out of Indochina and to petition the university administration to drop ROTC as a credit course. They even threatened an "Impeach Nixon" program if their demands were not met. Such radical action.

The official response to the radical action was the killing of four students.

By Friday, 230 colleges and universities were closed. Some by the consent of the administration, others by strike. In Chicago, Northwestern, Central YMCA, the Art Institute and Goodman School of Drama, University of Illinois Circle Campus, Columbia College, and Roosevelt were shut down with administration acquiescence. DePaul and Loyola administrators allowed Requiem Masses to be held, and Friday was made a Teach-In day at De Paul. Effectively, higher education came to a halt here for four days.

In trotted the organizers. There were more meetings on each on each campus in those four days than in a semester of graduate seminars. The Art and Architecture building at Circle Campus--Strike Central--looked like CBS Election Night Headquarters. "Keep the momentum going," was the call, and people who never felt an identity beyond their student number soon transformed into Danny the Red plotting the final overthrow of the Nixon Estate.



"Don't let the Administration close this campus," Carl Fenimore of the Young Socialist Alliance told 200 people Thursday night at a Strike Central meeting. "We have to keep the buildings open and use the mimeograph machines, the telephones, and the art departments to stop the war rather than further it," he said.

PL-WSA speakers called for "informing the workers" of the strike, and announced that three unions had expressed solidarity with the Strike Committee and that the United Auto Workers calling a "sick-out" on Friday.

A speaker from the Mad Dogs called for a separate meeting of the "extremist fringe" so that "we can get out of these fucking masturbatory rallies and do something.

The coed sitting next to me, attending her first radical rally, said "I gotta get outta here."

The focus was on Saturday. The Chicago Peace Council had quickly and easily obtained a permit for a march and rally at the Logan Statue in Grant Park. The various campus groups were to mass at the Civic Center and the Federal Building and march to the park. If the turn-out was a mindblower, the momentum could be carried to a state-wide rally in Springfield, a national rally in Washington, the final solution to the war machine would be at hand.

The turn-out was a mindblower. It took almost two hours for the 50,000 people to fill the park at the foot of the statue. College kids who never before had marched, moved by the killing of the four Kent students and the arrogance of the President, covered the green grass with newly molded V's and fists. It was a solemn march, led by an insistent funeral drum. A solemn march, but not so solemn at the speakers' microphone.

There it was the 1968 Democratic Convention. The old forms we struggle against still threaten to bring us down.

Who will speak first? Who shall be represented? Is this a non-violent or a violent or a Trot or a union or a black or a latin or a people's thing?

The people were soon to answer the administrative question.

Sylvia Kushner of the Chicago Peace Council spoke first and told the people that she had just returned from Stockholm where she had met with Vietnamese and Cambodian representatives who were very human---who giggled and told jokes.

Jack Spiegel, a Peace Council Vice-President and union organizer said that the strike will not stop with the students, but will be joined by workers and consumers. "Nixon kept one campaign promise," he said, "he helped to get us together." Many white faces in the crowd responded with cries of Power to The People.

Other people in the crowd responded by leaving.

Two students who were at the Kent massacre stood before the mike--John Thomas holding his index and middle finger erect, Debby Morland with clenched fist. "A strike, if it could be done would be a nice thing, but violence is the only thing people understand," she said.

The crowd got thinner.

Carl Fenimore repeated his Thursday night Circle Campus rap.

The knoll at the south end of the park, which had been filled with people at the beginning of the rally, was as unpopulated as a North Dakota plain at this point.

Bob Gibson, who Jack Spiegel introduced as the "revolutionary troubador" sang his "Ballad of Mark Clark and Fred Hampton" as movingly as he sang it at the U of I last Tuesday and Young Lords rally May 3rd and Moratorium day a month ago and the Conspiracy rally before that and the benefits and rallies before that.

Eva Jefferson, NU student body president, reminded the students assembled that the death of four colleagues is not news to a black person.

Staughton Lynd spoke. He announced that the Hyde Park community strike council has called for a work stoppage Tuesday, May 12.

The park now looked like a picnic ground--a family here, a family there--with some mad people standing at the foot of a statue in the mid-day sun, orating about something--or the other.

Look. Four kids got snuffed by National Guardsmen. Not so uncommon as all that.... thirty-five people were killed, most by cops and Guard, three years ago in Detroit. 28 in Newark. Three students dead in '68 in Orangeburg, shot by State troopers. Overseas, official representatives of America, have killed hundreds of thousands of people during this decade.... so four are killed by kids their own age and student America flips out. General strike. Four deaths, not so unlike the two before and the ten before and the hundreds and thousands before. Four human beings who loved, were loved, had lives, families, hopes, ideas, frustrations, humanity, not unlike the many dead before them.... with one difference. These four were white. The only difference. And there is a tidal wave, a mass outpouring, of sorrow, fear, anger. How many lives were altered? How many decided not to become what they were becoming. How many changed life-plans, found emptiness where fullness was, and came past that emptiness to find interest where there was none before, new directions, friends, thoughts, purposes? Formerly immune to events, many found their lives changed for the first time by an outside reality. It could have been me. Indiscriminate shooting has no place on the college campus, says the Sun-Times. Implication: We don't mind it so much in the ghetto, where it's happened, year after year, (with no general student strikes) but at my kids? Never!

And the response of the student Movement--apparently those students who chose to play out their ego-games through politics rather than football, classes, fraternities, etc., was, How Do We Take Control? A legitimate, though probably digestable, protest over Cambodia is given an injection of death-amphetamine and becomes Super Protest. The campus movement says, great, let's take super-control. Giant, spontaneous meetings quickly get bogged down in faction bickers (This is OUR thing! No, it's OUR thing!!) and those not initiated in that peculiar form of recreation leave in droves to retreat back into their sterile, official, Career-Lives. There is no hope for them on the campus. --I was in Economics, what a drag, got into Politics, but that was boring, so now I'm a Chem major. Thousands drop out, then climb right back in again when they see the campus alternative, the YSASWPPLCPUSASMC-RYMSDS, the beast which devours people's minds just as surely as the classroom does. Right up front, the issue is who gets to be Leader. Who issues demands, who calls rallies, who gets to speak to the masses, who is Correct. Assholes.

And they have a giant rally, in Chicago, and 20,000 students march around chanting "Peace! Now!", and finally settle in a grassy bowl where they get to hear their Leaders tell them to sit down and listen 'cause We got the real story here if you'll just sit down. Sit Down! Sit! Down! One guy says We're the leaders and here's what you all should do, and the next says the same thing, and the next and the next. Why, presumably intelligent, aware people, do you do this thing? Two reasons: to Do Something about an event which you are powerless to affect (Kent or Cambodia, pollution or nearly anything, take your choice) and to confirm that We Exist. The first is masturbation, the second is probably valid if taken in doses, six months apart. But how much in oculation do you need before you know that We Are?

I think all of us who work on this newspaper, this Seed, agree that the student strike of the last week has been disappointing and disillusioning. The ego-games, the insincerity, the empty ceremonial of Peace March have left us with a bad feeling about students and the entire institution of School. Indeed, if, as we commonly accept, School is the Man's game and the Man's institution, is it any wonder the employees of that institution are for the most part fucked around and fucked up? We have only one thing to say to those of you still in school and not legally required to be there, and we therefore put all our energy and karma-strength into it: Don't Go To School.

ARMANDO

Al Raby was introduced and said, "We want justice in the world and we're gonna get it non-violently,"

Obed Lopez of the Latin American Defense Organization told the white people about the brown people, just as Eva Jefferson had told the white people about the black people.

There were very few listeners left who hadn't heard the speeches before.

Mike James of Rising Up Angry delivered his stirring words to those who had already been stirred.

The words of a Black Panther Party member were heard only by the truly hard core who remained around the microphone.

The people had spoken.

The people had marched.

The people had gone back home.

Were new people radicalized and mobilized? If the three young girls who sat in the midst of a bed of tulips on Michigan Avenue waving V's at passing photographers at the height of the women's liberation struggle and in the aftermath of four more dead by government bullets is a representative symbol, the answer is no.

If the form of protest is still 1930's oratory, the answer is still no.

If action is obtained by small, dedicated and disciplined groups of people working closely together to create change--either by bringing food and shelter and clothing to the needy in their communities, by educating their brothers and sisters as to who are the real enemies of freedom, by moving to tear down the property that weighs so heavily on the crushed earth, then, perhaps, people--all the people--will be radicalized and mobilized.

While that is happening, one suggestion: a moratorium should be called on all public oratory. People who want to speak to the world should be given unlimited time in a film studio. All the footage should be placed on one reel and left unedited. Then, the film should be taken to the foot of the Logan Statue in Grant Park, and publicly burned.

Marshall Rosenthal

Hyde People's Park

Once it was a hotel, but the hotel was torn down. Then it was an empty lot and people dumped their trash there.

Now it's a people's park and people work and play there.

Most of the people who did it used to hang out in front of Ahmad's and the Medeci on 57th Street.

Only the cops would hassle them all the time and the local businessmen wanted to close down the "hippie stores."

So they cleaned up the lot and planted flowers and made paths and it gets prettier every day and now they hang out there.

The city owns it.

They're going to make it into middle-income housing or a parking lot.



But nobody worries about the city or the police or anyone stopping the park.

They just work at making it a better park.

Right now they need benches and bushes most of all.

The park is not a political act with a capital P.

Nobody is working on it so that The Revolution will happen.

They just want a park for the people—themselves, the little kids who are always there, old people—all people.

There is no war consciousness in this people's park.

Just a park.

It's at 57th and Dorchester.

Nanker Phelge

by Jane Alpert

(Editor's note: Jane Alpert was arrested last fall along with Dave Hughey and Sam Melville in the "Alleged Bomb Conspiracy" held to be responsible for the bombing of Federal buildings and a major army induction center in New York City. Another defendant, Pat Swinton, has not been apprehended.)

A lot of people seem surprised that Sam Melville, David Hughey and I chose to plead guilty to a small part of the bombing charges against us, rather than go to trial. I keep running into friends and acquaintances and even total strangers who weep and embrace me and ask why we did that.

It's really very simple, and amazing to me that people don't understand right away. Before we pleaded, Sam was facing 195 years in prison for 19 felonies connected with the Federal bombing charges. I was facing 65 years and David 25 years. While the government's evidence that we actually committed any bombings was weak (it was based on a confession of Sam's which claimed that he acted alone, and the testimony of the agent, George Demmerle, who said he had never met with me or David), there was still a large possibility that we would be convicted because conspiracy cases are so hard to disprove.

If Sam had "pleaded out" and David and I had stood trial, Sam would have had to plead to 40 or 50 years worth of felonies. But the prosecution agreed that

if we all pleaded before trial, Sam would get no more than 18 years and David and I would get no more than 5. It was obviously the best we could hope for, as far as the three of us were concerned. The sentences David and I are facing are less than were given recently to three brothers who were doing no more than operating a GI coffee house in South Carolina.

There are no battles to be won in the courts of the enemy. It's only a question of getting off as soon as you can, as easily as you can. Sam, who's been in prison for six months now on no bail, says that all the prisoners with 30-odd-year sentences just laugh at the length of their sentences. He says they KNOW the system won't last that long.

CRIMESTOMPERS MEIN KAMPF



ROOKIES: WHEN DEALING WITH HIPPIES, RADICALS, AND NIGGERS, SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER. ABOVE ALL, DON'T LET THEM GET TO THEIR JEWISH LAWYERS.

*Tricky
Phuckane*

ROCK PALACE

Rock and roll music kindles the spirit of revolution. Providing the basic framework and definition of youth culture, it brings us together and makes us feel good. And it has to be free! Promoters and music hucksters should have learned from Woodstock that rock and roll cannot be fenced in. There, over a quarter million people crashed the gates of capitalism that use money to separate people from their culture. The days are over when music industry pimps can charge us by the head and prod us like cattle while taxing our culture.

The latest victory over music-for-a-price occurred at the reopening of Chicago's Aragon (arrogant) Ballroom. The promoters, American Tribal Rock (of Hair fame) dropped seven grand as 1,800 brothers and sisters said "Fuck You" to the five dollar toll. Working together, people charged the front door, scaled the walls, smashed steel exit doors, crawled through rat infested basements and leaped from telephone poles through ballroom windows to hear rock-and-roll music.

Let the greedy capitalist be warned. **OUR MUSIC WILL BE FREE!**

two views

Round II of the Battle of Lawrence Avenue occurred May 8th, when another 1000 angry brothers and sisters tried to struggle and/or smuggle their way into the palace of rock. With security falling before the people's lust for music unfettered by something so crude as an admission price, somebody dialed PO5-1212 and asked that the Tactical Squad come a'running. Meanwhile, the White Panther bookstore/information center located inside the building was shunted into a closet-like space so as not to be provocative.

This atrocity against the people is similar to one that went down the night before at the Gas For Less station on Armitage Avenue, where two brothers from CORP were busted after reading the last Seed's marijuana chain letter. Seems that they were reading it from the roof of the station at the top of their lungs at 2 AM, and that their joy was countered by the grunting of several you-know-whos who were dispatched to the scene of the celebration.

Fine. We'll get to about round five and it's all over. Butler, not one to throw away money, will pull out and we'll be back with old rip-off Russo and the Kinetic Deathland. No one has ever been able to produce music and make it a people's event, more than a one-time thing. Music is the people's thing and money is the Man's thing and ever the twain shall be cemented. Chet Helms, the only man ever to keep trying to produce music for the people, is continually on the verge of bankruptcy. Cynical moneymen Graham, Russo and Gibb make it big, hustling rock music. I'm for trying to make it with the Aragon people, this time. They seem like honest enough folks, Butler's an insensitive ripoff but he doesn't run the whole show. They've given the White Panthers an info booth, Rudnick the MC, been open to the community. They say they want to be a community thing.... OK, let's see some proof on that. For starters, a clear and explicit statement, widely circulated, detailing how you intend to become a people's thing; and a complete regular public accounting, a statement of where all the money's coming from and where all of it is going. We'll be happy to publish it in the Seed, along with our own finances, which we intend to publish as soon as we can put together intelligible books.....in return, people, let's give them a chance. We're flying up our own assholes if we run every rock promoter out of town. Most of them should be run out of town, on a rail, but we have to stick with somebody, and these are the best in sight.

DUPAGE DINOSAUR ATTACKS PANTHERS

On Thursday, April 23, several brothers and sisters set up a White Panther booth at the College of DuPage (C.O.D.) in Glen Ellyn. The shit hit the fan shortly thereafter.

C.O.D. is situated in one of Amerika's heaviest John Birch areas. The community is filthy rich, but the school looks like a fucking warehouse. Previous attempts to establish SDS and even Student Mobe had been quashed.

White Panthers endured the bullshit process of making the booth "legal," yet by 4 p.m. DuPage county sheriffs had served subpoenas to three Panthers, dragged them before a Grand Jury, and interrogated them on the area dope scene, White Panther strategy, leadership, and tactics, guns, dynamite, etc.

The reason for the subpoenas was supposedly an obscenity complaint by a right-wing student, but school administrators had been on the phone all day with the state's attorney, digging into their bag of legal tricks for

the most effective weapon to close the Panthers down. Instead, over 300 people showed up the next day to hear the Panthers rap.

An unidentified Panther pointed out that "even though Amerikan tobacco companies are forcing Mexicans off their land in order to cultivate grass when it is legalized, they sure as hell aren't being subpoenaed and threatened with criminal charges! That's political harassment, and it's hitting the Black Panthers, and it has jailed John Sinclair, and it can and will happen to you!"

Sure enough, the prophecy is already being fulfilled. The White Panthers may be charged with "inciting others to break the law" for handing out "May-day is J-day" info. To date, anyone seen associating with them has been fingered by the school and subpoenaed by the state. The pigs even told the right-winger who originally complained that if he didn't file a suit against the Panthers for slander they would subpoena him.

Dig it! The Amerikan empire is coming apart at the seams. Outside it's threatened by Third World Liberation. Inside it's threatened by Black Liberation. Each day the economy grows weaker.

More and more the government is threatened by any motion, whether it's kids on the street, smokin' dope or pushin' politics. The government has only one response: facism and genocide.

If we are to survive and win liberation, we can't hide from politics. Our only salvation is to have the correct understanding of the historical forces and where they are going—a political analysis.

The Stones are right. Shelter is just a shot away. There is no other way—no hiding place—no hiding behind words. Don't just talk revolution—study it, UNDERSTAND YOUR ROLE, then DO IT!

White Panthers
College of DuPage

DELUSIONS OF SANITY

"We must deal with our modern ideological criminals."

Richard Kleindienst
Deputy Attorney General

Last May 25, 15 people from around the Midwest staged a Burn-In at the 63rd Street Draft Complex, during which the files of 33 draft boards became people's air pollution. This May, eleven of the fifteen (who, regrettably, have become known as the Chicago 11) are on trial before Judge Edwin Robeson in yet another episode of Federal Building Follies.

Once again, it's a political trial, a confrontation between those who challenge the power of the state and those who judge on such challenges in the name of the state. The accused have not denied their involvement in the ripoff. They held their ground last year after lighting the fire because they believed their actions to be right and put the need to convince people to be proud of stopping the war above their own need to fade to burn another day. This year they plan to use their trial to broadcast the message that, to bend to Stones a bit, the cops of the world are the real criminals while the seeming sinners are, if not saints, people burning paper and rising up in other ways to prevent the burning of babies, young men and other living creatures.

This isn't the easiest thing to accomplish, as J.J. Hoffman let us know last time around. Four of the original 15 were dubious enough to go underground; a fifth, Fred Chase, figured that he'd get his licks in early and began issuing press releases from his sanctuary in a Detroit church. Judge Robeson's pre-trial gagging decision, which forbade the accused from making public statements about their days in court until it was lifted for Day No. 1, reinforced this pessimism. The defendants began to cast around for ways to get their point across.

Fred Chase chose non-cooperation. He kept his seat whenever Robeson entered the courtroom, refusing to recognize the authority of someone legitimized by the same power that legitimized the draft board. Chase's decision was obviously influenced by Bobby Seale's battle before Judge Hoffman, but Robeson, trying to avoid being charged with 'piling on', handed down a 20-day summary contempt which he hopes will head further confrontations off at the cell door.

Linda Quint, Bill Durkin, Ed Gargan, and the Reverend Nicholas Riddell have chosen a different approach. On May 7th, while the dismissal of the indictment against the Panther Party members present when Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were wiped out by executioners from the State's Attorney's Office was making people think of "Z,"

Attorney Frank Oliver previewed "Looney Tunes" in Robeson's courtroom. Oliver, who looks like he should be starring in an XK-E commercial and who was censured by a judicial committee last fall for hinting that Julius' trial conduct wasn't what it might be, bopped to the podium and motioned that his defendants be acquitted for "reasons of insanity." As proof he cited a series of their hallucinations, among them "that our cherished institutions are being perverted" and that the anti-war demonstrations of last November 15th was the day's prime event when "we sane and undeluded people know that the most important thing was the Purdue-Ohio State game."

Oliver went on to announce that if the jury decided his clients were insane they would have to dismiss any criminal liability. If, on the other hand, they decided that they were sane, the dozen venirement would have to conclude that their own political and moral beliefs were twisted and ask to be excused. Robeson said that he would consider the motion within the next few days. If he allows the plea, Oliver hopes to put each defendant on the stand "to give evidence of their delusions."

Those of you interested in watching the hearing should call 226-5853 for information on how to get in. Dress is optional, but you might check out the latest in casual straight-jackets.

Abe

"WHAT DID I EVER DO TO BE SO BLACK AND BLUE. . ."

Bluesmen Otis Spann and Earl Hooker were born within six months of each other, and both died two weeks ago, within three days of each other.

Though both ostensibly died of "natural causes," both were victims of something called the Blues Life.

Bluesmen are public servants—they give more to their audiences from an essential, irreplaceable part of themselves than an audience can possibly give back to them. They are leaders in a communal experience of laying out their lives and thereby freeing themselves (and their audience) of the frustration of being black in white America. It's a hell of a life. In the past six months many of the best bluesmen have burned themselves out: Skip James, Slim Harpo, Magic Sam, T.V. Slim, and L.V. McKinley. In their way each were martyrs to the Black America they served.

Earl Hooker had been in and out of hospitals, for years, fighting TB and getting pieces of his lungs removed. Most of the other bluesmen considered him to be the best blues guitarist in the world. He recorded singles for years accompanying Junior Wells, and occasionally under his own name. Last year White America discovered him and he recorded four albums in about eight months. None of them reflected his talent. The songs, mainly instrumentals, are technically brilliant but too crowded with musical ideas to really get themselves together.

Last winter, Mack Thompson (Magic Sam's bass player) told me he believed that Earl knew he didn't have too long, and was trying to put everything he knew into every song he recorded.

Earl was part of a strange, drifting line of bluesmen who rarely sang but played fantastic guitar. He was taught by the mysterious Robert Nighthawk and left his knowledge with the withdrawn Jimmy Dawkins. Earl's line continues.

While Earl was a technical genius in a unique style, Otis Spann was the master of a tradition. He was the best, the synthesis of a line of piano bluesmen going back through Roosevelt Sykes, Big Maceo, Cow Cow Davenport, Little Brother Montgomery, Sunnyland Slim, and hundreds of other nameless artists who played juke joints, dances and theaters throughout the south. Like his predecessors, Spann could work equally well as a soloist, accompanying a lone singer, or with a full band. He started learning at eight, and spent twenty years mastering virtually every blues piano style before creating his own. He came to Chicago to work with Muddy's band in the mid-fifties and his piano and vocals were at the center of that band for ten years. Otis lived in Muddy's basement in the midst of a continuous jam, playing fourteen or sixteen hours a day, drinking hard, and teaching the younger or less experienced bluesmen. Otis gave them his knowledge as freely as the older musicians had given him theirs. It was Spann who brought electric piano into the blues bars, and as a soloist led the new interest in

blues piano among rock bands.

I met Spann in the recording studio, he was working behind Junior Wells. He was perhaps the most sympathetic sideman I'd ever heard. He knew thousands of songs, and offered any and all of them to Junior. Junior sat on the piano bench during tape playbacks, while Otis ran through new songs, finding tempos and lyrics to fit Junior's style. He earned complete trust and respect from the other sidemen. During the recording, he was absolutely solid, never intruding on the vocals and filling holes with taste that can only come from living the blues life.

It was the blues life that killed both Earl and Otis. The one night stands in Waterloo, Iowa and little towns in Arkansas drinking hard, driving all night, playing requests and, in the last few years, watching the white kids steal the externals of their performances and make thousands of dollars a night while the bluesmen still struggled to support families and pay the rent.

Earl's funeral had a choir of nine high school girls; Otis' body lay at a funeral home so small and stuffy that most of the mourners stood on the sidewalk outside. Now, only their recordings remain.

The blues life is still a reality, both in the south and here in Chicago. The blues life is an almost suicidal commitment to the community and to the music and, lest we forget, an exclusive product of black men.

Bruce Iglauer

This issue's guest author award goes to whoever sent in the tips on stashing.]

Lawrence Urban Progress Center
Englewood District Office of DHR
Halsted Urban Progress Center
Martin Luther King Urban Prog. Center
North Kenwood CCUO Office
Area II Multi-Service Center of DHR
Montrose Urban Progress Center
Division Street Urban Progress Center
DHR Woodlawn District Office
Garfield Neighborhood Service Program
Madden Park Fieldhouse
South Chicago Urban Progress Center
Southern District DHR Office
Altgeld Urban Progress Center

3138 W. Roosevelt
6003 South Halsted
1935 South Halsted
4741 South King Drive
4155 South Lake Park
1500 North North Park
901 West Montrose
1940 West Division
6317 South Maryland
9 South Kedzie
500 East 37th
9231 South Houston
2108 East 71st
967 East 132nd

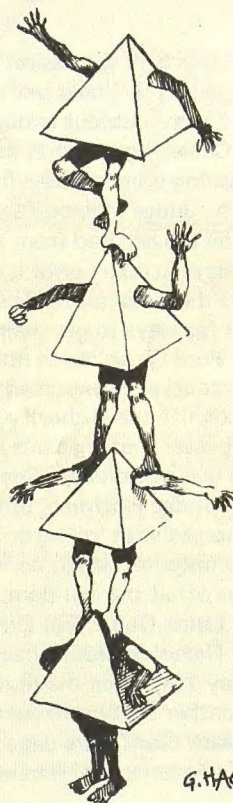
If you're into smoking after your meal, try the Up and Down Tobacco Shop on the corner of Schiller and Wells, in Old Town. They give out free tobacco if you have your own papers. If you're into pipe smoking, try Montgomery Wards downtown. They will supply free tobacco for you and your pipe.

Anti-Bell folk have been combatting the long wires of AT & T by making free long-distance calls after 10 PM. They have been billing them to large companies and telling the operator to check in the morning.

On Friday, May 6th, people continued to crash the gate at the Aragon. Six intrepid rip-offers were busted by Tac Squad porkers while struggling to get next to our music. The latest rumor is that some of the disillusioned are into checking out the kind of tickets used at the 'Gon, Lally's, the Stages, etc. and picking up a roll or two from the nearest carnival supply house. These may be the same people who have been reproducing the day-glo design that Lally's paints on your hand so you can come and go. Some other people have been getting into these places for free by arriving an hour or two early and either helping to move the band's equipment through the backstage doors or playing the groupie game for awhile.

A good way to smuggle stuff you don't want some people to know about is to take an ordinary playing card in your hand. Holding it at an angle with your thumb and forefinger gripping the nearest corner with medium pressure, strike the corner downward against a hard surface. Doing this with gusto once or twice will separate the edges a bit at the point of contact. Now separate the edges further with your fingernail, then with your thumb and forefinger. By holding the separated edges flat on a flat and hard surface you can divide the whole card into two or more complete layers. It is then a simple matter to treat the inside card layer with a small brush or insert blotter acid, secret messages or whatever inside the card. Needless to say, a good alignment-gluing job is a must when you finally put the card back together..

MAKIN' IT,
or
ripping
off with
Tim
Yippie!



G. HAGEN

Seed	2551 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising Up Angry		472-1791
Chicago Defender		225-2400
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Chgo. Journ. Review		664-5255
People's School	4409 N Sheridan	561-6737
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	332-1108
Newsreel	2744 N Lincoln	248-2018
Print Co-op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Black Panther Party	2350 W Madison	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842
IWW	2440 N Lincoln	549-5045
Young Patriots	1421 W Wilson	334-8957
LADO		276-0909
YLO/PEOPLE'S CHURCH 834 W Armitage		
Women's Liberation Union		927-1790
S. Side Women's Ctr	5406 S Dorchester	DO3-1348
YSA		939-2667
YAWF	3435 N Sheffield	248-8082
Chi Peace Council	343 S Dearborn	922-6578
CHICAGO 15		226-5853
Community Legal Counsel		726-0157
Lincoln Pk Rights Center		525-9775
Mattachine Midwest		334-2244
N. Side Cooperative Ministry		281-0690
Breadbasket		548-6540
Looking Glass (runaways)	1725 W Wilson	334-2601
Mental Health Cln	1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th St	842-0222
LSD Rescue		338-6750
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W Belden	549-1002

ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student Comm	357 E Chicago	649-8462
People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880

FOR DRAFT COUNSELING:		
Cadre	519 W North	664-6895
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
N. Shore Anti-Draft		475-2260
Lawndale Assn		636-7715
Amer. Friends	407 S. Dearborn	427-2533

Police	(request district)	922-4747
Police Emergency		765-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101

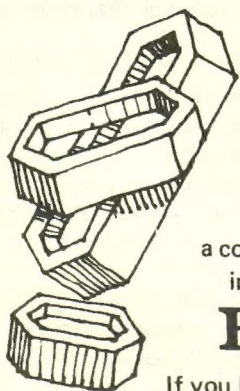
GAY LIBERATION:		
South Side/U of Chgo		955-7433
North Side		472-2967
Northwestern U		338-9241
Roosevelt U		525-5268

FREE CITY EXCHANGE (formerly the Switchboard) is almost together. ALMOST because we don't have enough people. We have phones and an office, but no one to staff them. Without response from you, we'll never get anything together. Call 664-2352.

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no COD's or personal checks

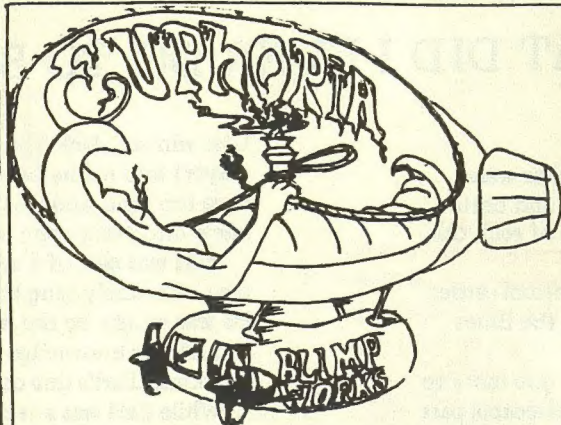


2336 DEVON
973-6059
CHICAGO

Black Light Posters

Directional Arts Distribution

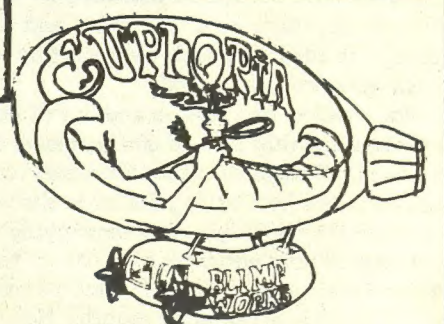
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Every revolutionary movement has an insatiable appetite for printing. Right up to (and past) the shoot-point, the printing press is any revolution's most powerful weapon. That's why our Founding Fathers were so careful to write freedom of the press into the Constitution, and our present rulers are working so hard to write it out again. Even with all the other media that have evolved in this century, the press is still the one that counts. One proof of this is in your hands right now.

The trouble with this, for our movement, is that printing has become so damned expensive that only the Establishment can readily afford it. Even movement printers are expensive; they have to be—it costs almost as much to BE a printer as it does to hire one.

What this means to a newborn revolutionary gang is that if you can break that cost barrier and print for the movement at a price it can afford, the movement will support you in far higher style than the Establishment has ever offered to.

(Not only does every new community crave a printer, the printer often as not creates the community. Where to begin with you've got a disorganized bunch of isolated radicals, the establishment of a press, giving them a voice and an identity, will invariably pull that scattered bunch together into a unified community. Try it and see.)

This is what we did--the communications company--in the Haight in '67, working from an initial investment of \$300. This is something just about any 3 or 4 people can do, and it's a thing that's needed almost anywhere.

What you need to start with is a Gestetner silk screen stencil duplicator, a Gestefax electronic stencil cutter, and a typewriter. [In Chicago, the Gestetner offices are at 531 N. State, 467-6411. Their new line is 'custom-designed,' which translates as more expensive. Some oldies are available, but the best bet is to check out Movement offices, companies where you know somebody, or an auction before giving them a chance at making two profits on the same machine.] These are of machines, available in your town, that are designed to be operated by the average secretary, which means that without any prior experience you and your friends can run them stoned. The duplicator is a hyper-sophisticated mimeograph machines, simpler, faster and better engineered than the standard A.B. Dick thingee, that turns out finished work of nearly the same quality as an offset press (this paper is printed on an offset press) which is 13 times more complicated and 31 times as expensive. The Gestetner will print in as many colors as you have petpiece for, and it'll run off anywhere from 10 to 50 thousand impressions an hour.

But the secret of the system is the Gestefax stencil cutter. This is an electronic scanning goodie that turns 'camera ready' copy, including art, into electrical impulses which literally burn the copy into a special stencil (cost: 18 cents/stencil). This means you can print practically anything without the excruciating and

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We began with three people: myself, my partner, and his old lady. During the first month we picked up two friends of mine from L.A., and that was it. Five people in all. Mainly because the machines were so simple to operate, each of us was able to do everything the operation entailed: writing, layout, stencil-cutting, printing, distributing. Functionally we were all interchangeable, and any one of us could do the whole thing in a pinch. That strikes me as the best way to run this sort of thing.

That first weekend my partner and I composed and ran off a few dozen one-page flyers, very heavy on the aesthetics as befit the temper of our psychedelic subculture (we were competing, so to speak, with the original San Francisco Oracle), proclaiming our existence and policy. (That same weekend we taped a charismatic 4-hour Digger rap about freedom, which hooked us completely and pretty much established our policy for us.) We passed these out at the Be-In Sunday, and by Tuesday afternoon we were thoroughly established and in bu-

which everyone else had a response HE needed printed, and so on. Policy statements, position papers, poems, public notices, ads—all of Haight Street filtered through our pressroom, and the energy of the street was our energy.

We hardly ever saw money, and hardly ever needed it. We served the community and the community supported us. The Diggers provided food and stole paper for us. The Glide Foundation paid our rent and our Gestetner bills. Free Clinic doctors were always dropping in to make sure we stayed healthy. We and our world were one.

And all we had done, really, was find an unfilled need and fill it.

Be advised: this same need exists every place that it is not being filled. Long Beach and San Diego are both crying for a communications company. Vancouver need one, and Lawrence Kansas, and Los Angeles. San Francisco probably needs it again, and Isla Vista certainly needs it. Every underground community every-

THE REVOLUTIONARY GANG

Copyright 1970 by Chester Anderson

usually futile labor of slowly handcutting a stencil with typewriter and stylus the way they did it in school. It takes less than 20 minutes to make a perfect stencil of the most detailed copy, and the printed copy looks almost exactly like the original. Another triumph of modern technology. (The sole drawback: photographs don't reproduce well; but anything else is cool.)

These machines together sell for around \$6000, but the Gestetner Corporation is perfectly willing to arrange comfortable terms. Here's how we got ours:

I had some \$300† royalties from a science-fiction novel (The Butterfly Kid--advtd.), and my partner had a more or less straight job as ad manager for the Sunday Ramparts. (Neither of us looked ½ as straight as Tiny Tim, but that didn't seem to matter.) On this slim basis, Gestetner Corp. of San Francisco gave us both machines on these terms: \$300 down on the duplicator the first month, \$300 down on the stencil cutter the second month, and \$100 a month thereafter for the set. I thought they were mad.

Furthermore, they delivered the machines (before we'd paid them cent one) on the Friday before the famous primordial Human Be-In in Golden Gate Park (which was January 14, '67), enabling the communications company to make its debut at that auspicious gathering.

business, a power in the community.

Our policy, stated most simply, was this: we'd print anything for anyone for whatever they were willing to pay, including no pay at all, and everything for the Diggers free. Hip merchants, Krishna Consciousness people, straight do-gooders et al paid cash, at most ten percent of what they'd have had to pay a straight printer; and dealers paid in dope, street people paid in love, the Diggers paid in excitement—an altogether satisfactory arrangement for everybody concerned.

And we printed for ourselves as well: news flashes (often while the news was still happening), raps, warnings of impending busts, gratuitous mind-blowers---- we were a free-form daily revolutionary newspaper with a penchant for making the news and a gift for unpredictability. Because we were doing it for fun, we took care to make every piece of paper that we issued was something we'd otherwise be glad to receive---I papered my bedroom wall with our output, a daily torrent of poster quality publications---with the result that no one who was handed one of our bulletins on the street (except for cops) ever threw it away. People (and one museum) made collections of our work.

Now, before we started, the community didn't miss us, but the moment we began, we were indispensable. Everyone had something he needed printed, to

where needs a voice, and no weekly paper fills that need.
But you can.

Here, summarized, are the rules:

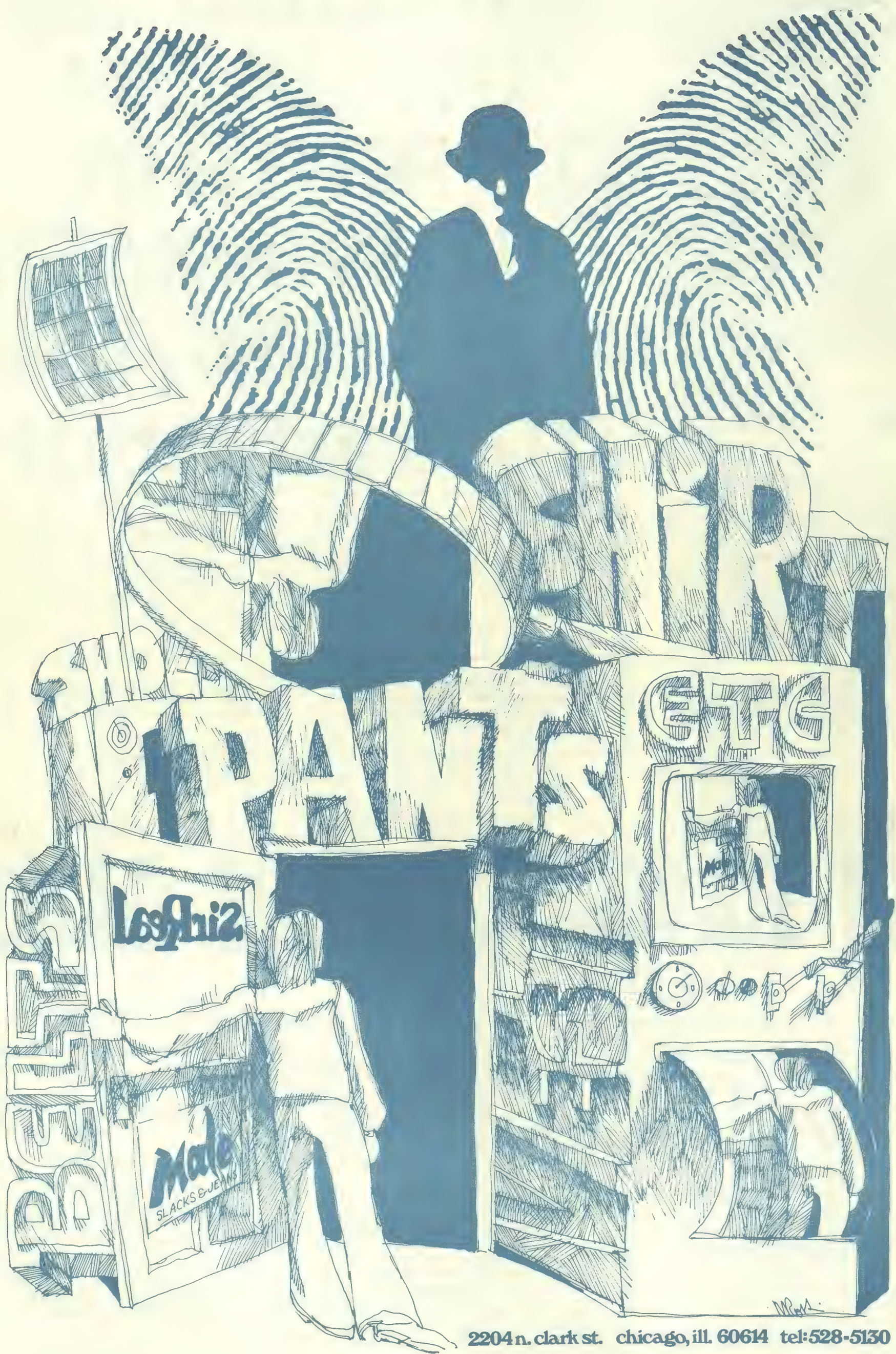
- 1) Work as a family.
- 2) Avoid the profit motive; don't be influenced by monetary considerations.
- 3) Print for the whole community, not just people you agree with.
- 4) Print for yourselves a lot, for your own pleasure and/or satisfaction.

Every imitation of the communication company (within six months there were more than 25) failed, in every case because it ignored or broke those four rules. Usually---New York was the classic example---rules 2 & 3 were violated, thus preventing the operation from becoming a living thing.

(Oh, distribution: as soon as we had a bunch of handbills, we'd take them up to Haight Street and pass them out. Got so the S.F. Police Department had a man especially assigned to hang out on the street to collect our stuff. Very flattering.

And that's it. If you think this might be your thing, go on and do it. If you want more information, write to me c/o the Seed: I'll tell you everything I can: but you'll learn more faster doing it than asking. Nobody told us how to do it. Go ahead!

Let a hundred printing communes bloom!



2204 n. clark st. chicago, ill. 60614 tel: 528-5130

Too much! There are movies that were made before Woodstock and there are movies that are to be made after, but the form which began with the underground films and came to the surface with Bonnie & Clyde, Easy Rider, Alice's Restaurant and others has achieved its definitive statement. This movie will reach millions of people. Every one of them with a shred of awareness is a hippie as soon as they see it. Woodstock is the ultimate piece of propaganda. All else, from now, is anti-climactic.

Totally non-verbal. No words suffice. This movie, among other things, told me for sure that the Seed is a temporary, transitional form. Give it another few years at the outside. Our words are only good enough to describe what is behind us. What is ahead only film and music can tell. Not one authoritarian word is in the film. Never are we told what's happening. Always shows, never tells. An incredible event, a movie to match.

Further, the gulf between straight and hip consciousness, the utter sham and repression of honko culture shown so sharply--the nasal whine, the tiny, fearful gestures, the averted eyes--compared with the free and easy hip folk, represents the most devastating indictment of plastic Amerika to ever hit such a mass audience. So good that the straight who comes off best is the man who pumps out the portable toilets. The automated shit shoveler! No "respectable" person would dream of being a shit shoveler, even an automated one. "Respectable" people are nowhere, a dying race. How did the film-makers find such a perfect paradigm? He had two sons--one in Vietnam, one at Woodstock. It's easy to take candid camera shots of the bourgeois, then laugh at the results. It's much harder to see so clearly and compassionately the fear and trembling which is their motivating force. We see it here. And the beauty--the overpowering, visionary beauty of our people.

The film-makers used every trick--easy to fall into gimmickry--but it all rings true, the split screen, the stereo sound, the exotically-filtered colors. They had about 20 cameras going full time the length of the festival. Big deal, I thought, who could miss making a good movie with 100 miles of film? I was wrong--see, the whole quality of the event was that it was 400,000 separate and intertwined events. Amerikan events are singular--everyone watches a man, a team, a group do something that can be easily defined and described. You cannot describe Woodstock--or us--for we have as many descriptions as we have people. So, most of the time, several things are going on at one time in the film, either split screen or masterful capturing of simultaneous group interaction. The objective mentali-

WOOD SHOCK

Armando

ty cannot deal with Woodstock, for there is no way to describe what happened. Only the process itself, the mood and feeling of half-a-million people, an anecdotal, poetic, wispy assortment of images is available as description. No cause-and-effect, only The Cause and The Effect, simultaneous and electric, millions of individual atoms of experience which comprise the Experience. Thus the movie repudiates the essential pillar of bourgeois consciousness.

"Hey! What's happening, man?"

"You."

Politicos and other intellectuals are going to walk away from Woodstock puzzled because they can't figure out the Message. Of course, there is no message, there is only Vision. The few New/Ole Lefties still hanging around will seize on the explicit politics in the flick; Joan Baez rapping about David in jail, Country Joe and I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixing-To-Die Rag, Wavy Gravy: "For those of you who don't think capitalism is totally weird..." and try to parlay those fragments into fledgling "anti-imperialist consciousness" or whatever. Thus, the hippies win--or don't win--their approval. I know. I was at Woodstock, and that's what I did--at least for the first day. Whatta mistake.

Of course, it ain't perfect, or even near. Altamont proved that. The bubble can burst on us with unex-

pected and psychotic violence. Tough shit. People who seize on that are doom-sayers and death-lovers. Just imagine, asks one genial oldster in the film, what would happen if we put 500 adults in a field with a lotta booze and let 'em alone? It's true that half the people at Woodstock seemed intent only on getting a good seat so they could watch and listen:

"What's happening, man?"

"It's right down there on the stage. Here, try these binoculars." Again, tough shit. Some people don't know yet. They'll learn. And a whole lot know already.

Okay, it's a beautiful flick, maybe the best (in terms of positive effect) ever. But after all is said and done, Warner Brothers/Seven Arts is still a cold-blooded pig with no interest in the Vision the film suggests. It is concerned only with the bread it will pull in. Period. I am convinced the film-makers themselves are relatively honest people who managed to get their hands on the equipment they needed for the flick the only way they could--they sold distribution rights to Warner Brothers for front money. Without front money, no flick. Ultimately, Warner's is by no means co-opting Woodstock; if anything, Woodstock is co-opting Warner's in the long run--but Warner's is still taking money from your pocket that they have no right to. The movie was made by the 400,000 who were there, and it belongs to them.

So whatta we do? Well, we keep telling folks to slip in, go through a side door, organize mass break-ins, but it doesn't seem to happen too much. Shit. Folks who appear in the film could try suing for actor's equity pay--a possibility there. A hundred suits with the resultant publicity could force Warner's to settle out of court. I guess I'd settle for a million dollars for the Panther Bail Fund, John Sinclair Defense, etc. Shit again. The flick will be in the downtown \$4 theaters til September at least.

How about a bootleg print?? There's an idea, outlaws.

It's really an incredible ripoff, when you think about it. Some people pay Mike Lang & Associates some bread, and they get to take your bread away for showing you your music. And they can sue you if you make a commercial film of the event. What a pig trip, start to finish. Thousand percent profits. This country really can't sell anything, including the revolution. Especially the revolution. Perhaps the most radical statement you can make in Amerika today is, "We shall not be sold"...or better, "We Shall Not Buy."

The movie is off-limits to those under 18. The reality was absolutely free.

I was riding on the Lexington Avenue subway in New York after the New Haven demonstrations reading my newly-acquired copy of Bobby Seale's new book, Seize the Time. A little old lady sitting next to me was trying hard to see what I was reading. She leaned forward pretending to tie her shoe, tilting her head at a weird angle to see the title on the cover and then read avidly over my shoulder. Finally she burst out, How could you read such filthy language?

I looked up at her in mild surprise. "I guess I'm more upset by filthy actions than by filthy words," I told her. "That's terrible," she continued, undaunted by my remark. "You shouldn't read such filthy."

"Well, no one asked you to read over my shoulder," I replied in exasperation.

"I didn't know it had such filthy words in it," she concluded huffily, and stood up to leave.

I guess that episode was an indication that the newest and most authentic book about the Black Panther Party is going to get a mixed reception by the American public. The new hard-cover put out by Random House is called Seize the Time: The Story of the Black Panther

Party and Huey P. Newton--a perversion of the original title. Bobby wanted the book to be titled "Seize the Time: The History of the Black Panther Party and the Genius of Huey P. Newton". (The paperback edition is expected to have the corrected title.)

My sensibilities are somewhat different from those of the little old lady in the subway, and I really dug the book. In a casual, informal style, Bobby raps about his early life, about meeting Huey and running with him, their days at Merritt College in Oakland, and the forma-

tion of the Black Panther Party. He recaptures the spirit and feeling as well as the political climate of those days as he tells how the party grew and developed. He recounts Eldridge's entrance into the Party, and their first ventures with guns in the streets.

Then the book becomes much heavier, as repression comes down, and Bobby recalls how Huey is shot and imprisoned, and how the police establishment began its cam-

seize the time!

by Karen Wald

paign to wipe out Huey P. Newton and the Black Panther Party. Step by step, he describes the hectic weekend of Martin Luther King's assassination that ended with the Oakland police murdering Bobby Hutton and imprisoning Eldridge Cleaver. Bobby painfully recalls: "Eldridge and I had been spotted twice by cops in the white car that day. We saw them looking at us and carrying on. I really felt that they shot Bobby Hutton thinking they were shooting me."

In the following chapters Bobby continues to talk about the changing evolution of the Party: its coalitions with white groups, its attempts to use electoral politics as a political forum, and then the trials. "Charles R. Garry: The Lenin of the Courtroom" is how Bobby describes the Panthers' Revolutionary lawyer. And then Chicago, in all its gruesome and absurd detail. The final section of the book is an explanation of the Party, its internal structure and problems, its relation to the community, its philosophy (which is still developing) and the role of revolutionary women. But the most significant thing about the book -- even aside from performing the essential task of chronicling the most revolutionary force in America today -- is that Seize the Time is, through and through, Bobby. It is Bobby's voice you hear, Bobby's smile, his humor, his pain, his analysis, his anger. It is a very real book because it is the work of an actor in the drama instead of being written by a chronicler or historian. It was written with a tape recorder in the San Francisco County jail.

It is a necessary book for people who consider themselves revolutionary, for every person who relates in any way to the movement, any person who wants to understand what is happening today in America.

SEIZE THE TIME!!!!!!!!!!!!

"... the last Kiowa Sun Dance was held on the Washita River above Rainy Mountain Creek. The buffalo were gone. In order to consummate the ancient sacrifice—to impale the head of a buffalo bull upon the medicine tree—a delegation of old men journeyed into Texas, there to beg and barter for the last time as a living Sun Dance culture. They could find no buffalo; they had to hang an old hide from the sacred tree. Before the dance could begin, a company of soldiers rode out from Fort Sill under orders to disperse the tribe. Forbidden without cause the essential act of faith, having seen the wild herds slaughtered and left to rot upon the ground, the Kiowas backed away forever from the medicine tree.

That was July 20, 1890, at the great bend of the Washita. My grandmother was there. Without bitterness, and for as long as she lived, she bore a vision of decide." N. Scott Momaday, "The Way to Rainy Mountain."

It is hard to write about this movie because it is primarily an intense visual experience—90% of the dialogue is Rosebud Sioux dialect, with no subtitles.

A British Lord is prisoner of the Sioux, sharing the seminomadic life of all Plains Indian buffalo hunting tribes bound together by the great herds and the religion of the Sun Dance, the worship of the sun the source of all life.

A MAN CALLED HORSE



He is a slave, not even a man, a horse, a beast of burden led by a braided hair rope around his neck and knocked about by an old woman with a stick. He seeks to escape. A grinning fool of a halfbreed Caliban teaches him the ways of the Sioux in warfare and courtship. He learns the difference between the quick and the dead, seizing the violent instant of killing two Shoshone and taking his first scalp. His desire to escape is grafted in blood to the love of the tribe in marriage to the sister of his captor.

Pain and violence are at the core of the Sun Dance, as at the core of life giving way to death to sustain life. "Come on Dakotas...it's a good day to die!" was the war cry of the Sioux—and the simple technology made warfare a matter of physical courage and agility. To count coup—to touch a live enemy in the midst of his friends—was a greater honour than killing a man. But the inability of the Indians to unite militarily and sustain protracted warfare against the whites negated the advantage they possessed of the tactics of brilliant guerilla warfare.

The American Indians had something vital to teach us about private property, the earth, and the ways we can move together. That's why Western civilization tried to wipe them out. See this movie. Learn all you can of Indian tribal life. Before it's too late.

I've always thought that if personal film artists were given commercial budgets, they'd make movies like Federico Fellini does. But I never guessed that, when given the freedom that the New American Cinema has always enjoyed, Fellini would make an "underground" movie. To my surprise, "Fellini Satyricon" is exactly that—and a poor example to boot. The new film is self-indulgent and all but destroyed by technical shortcomings. Fellini has gone overboard with grotesques and dabbled in homosexuality. He has allowed atrocious dubbing and flat spaces to obliterate his goals.

'Man's rituals' may be the point and purpose of "Satyricon." It bears a strong resemblance to Kenneth Anger's "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome." Anger's film constructs a feast for Pan attended by the sumptuously-costumed gods and goddesses of most systems of worship. It was first made in 1954 as an expression of Anger's consuming interest in the occult and Satanism, and was re-cut and updated 12 years later to imply tripping out on LSD. "Satyricon" recreates the world of Rome in the first century AD. It uses books by Petronius as a source and betrays no depth of understanding. The costumes are there, the suggestion of pagan worship is there, but the rituals are gutless.

They're gutless in both movies. In both, the surfaces of the film become more important than the sense. Both are highly personal works that fail to telegraph the artists' intent. From Fellini I expected a leap forward in cinematic expression, not a high-budget imitation of a 1954 film. This is not to imply that it was a conscious imitation; I don't know if Fellini even knows who Kenneth Anger is. It's just a big disappointment to one who has always held Fellini in the highest artistic regard.

For the obligatory synopsis: there are three boys—a pretty blonde student, Encolpius, who is uptight about a fragile younger redhead; Giton, who was charmed away by a friend; Ascyllus, a dark, laughing boy. Why the two have the hots for Giton I can't guess. The bug-eyed youngster seems only capable of making geometric gestures. (A mystic ritual?) The central character, Encolpius, experiences all excesses of Roman life and periodically runs into Ascyllus and Giton until Caesar takes Giton into his imperial "harem." At the end they

Felocious Petronius

Fellini blows an easy one

are all frozen into tablets at the seashore. The atmosphere created in two set pieces—Trimalchio's banquet and the prison in the hold of a ship—are memorable. The actors that populate the movie are extremes of Fellini-ville.

It's no sin to be fascinated by the grotesque or perverse. Luis Bunuel ("Viridiana" and "Belle de Jour") makes these his common currency. George Kuchar ("Hold Me Whole I'm Naked" and "The Mammal Palace") becomes more adept at subtle exploitation of overweight heroines with each new movie. But, Fellini has traded his talent of observing and exposing the excesses of hu-

manity for the ability to make a monster of every female character (except one giggling, black slave girl) and make the men either revolting or feminized. There is no appealingly human person in "Satyricon."

Treatment of homosexual themes has come a long way since the first male/male kiss on the commercial screen (1962, "A View From the Bridge"). I would never support Andy Warhol's exploitation of Taylor Mead's gayness, but feel "Fireworks" and "Scorpio Rising" are both revealing works in which Kenneth Anger illustrates the sense of homosexuality better than Fellini ever can. Even Mart Crowley's "Boys In The Band" is more thoughtful—Gay Lib's objections notwithstanding. Fellini's Encolpius and Ascyllus caress in a superficial way and engage in a spiritless competition for Giton. The most flagrant image is of a boy thrusting astride fat, old Trimalchio. These scenes offer little insight into Gay Roman life and give only a small shock to the infrequent film-goer.

Less explicable are the many scenes played before backdrops. I don't recall one single tree in the work. "Satyricon" was played in the most unreal space I've ever experienced in a Fellini production—the banquet and ship's hold scenes excepted. Neutral sets are understandable in films with mini-budgets like Anger's "Pleasure Dome" but not in this high-priced parallel.

Finally, most European films are post-dubbed; in "Satyricon" the totally unrelated movement of the actors' lips and the Italian words is shoddy, cheap, totally distracting and the last straw in the load of faults. Fellini has let us down for the first time. But you may find it interesting.

WOODSTOCK FOOTNOTE—The three-hour moneymaker has been highly commended for use of split screen and super stereo sound. Somehow it's been overlooked that these praiseworthy techniques are old hat to the people that have been pushing Amerika at the foreign trade and world's fair for years. Michael Wadleigh just adapted the style to sell the Woodstock Nation.

Camille.

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[A Guide to Draft Exemption: Medical, Psychiatric, Moral. By David Suttler. 171 pages. Grove Press. \$1.50]

IV-F is not for guys who eagerly await their induction notices as invitations to get into the guts of the Army and create a memorable case of indigestion. Nor is it for those few whose CO claims will be granted, nor for those who make their protest through non-cooperation, the courts, and jail.

IV-F is for those guys who don't want to go, and who are looking for a practical way out. It isn't the type of book you'd read for pleasure. But if you need it—if you're faced with the draft and you don't know what the hell you're going to do to escape—you'll read *IV-F* with the kind of fascination most Americans reserve for *Valley of the Dolls*.

The author, David Suttler, is in excellent health. He is also *IV-F*. "No one," he writes, "is so healthy that he cannot be an army medical reject."

You cannot be drafted until you pass your physical, but the military does its best to make sure you don't fail. It hides the information needed to prepare an unfitness claim under an impenetrable bureaucracy.

IV-F liberates that information. It reprints the Army's own list of causes for rejection (adding simple definitions for most of the medical terminology), tells what diseases are easiest to contract, which hangups are best to nurture, and gives precise instructions on how to claim an exemption. Not another useless outline of "rights and responsibilities," it is an accurate, complete, up-to-date guide to freedom.

If you ever had any illusions that you could go to your physical unprepared and walk out draft-free, this book destroys them. You practically have to hop in on 1 leg and bring the remainder of the other as proof of amputation for the military medical examiners to discover the unfitness on their own initiative. As the book says, "You are more likely to win an exemption with a doctor's letter describing a disqualifying defect that does not exist than with the condition and no report."

IV-F is the first book to deal comprehensively with all the ways to make yourself unacceptable as cannon fodder. But it makes perhaps its most important contribution simply by making generally available the official list of rejection criteria.

"My god," someone said after looking over that list, "there are ten diseases of the eyelid that'll keep you out of the Army." Obscene tattoos, severely ingrown

toenails, hemorrhoids and Peyronie's disease (painful erection) will also keep you out of uniform. Under the Selective Service Act, a man who has any of the listed ailments (there are over 400) cannot be drafted.

It is not even necessary to actually have a medical problem to get rejected. While *IV-F* does not advocate deceit or duplicity to save your ass, it does provide a roster of disqualifying conditions which medical science is at a loss to verify (or inverify). It also explains how several people could obtain exemptions with the help of one unfit and cooperative friend—an illegal gambit no right-thinking American would ever consider.

IV-F also takes the worry out of freaking out for freedom by detailing useful psychiatric problems. One of the more interesting of these is acute fear of the draft: "The prospect of induction very commonly causes young men to suffer great anxiety and the feeling that their lives are being controlled by forces they cannot direct. Daydreams of self-destructive acts which would disqualify them for the Army (such as chopping off fingers or toes) are common. Some even think of suicide, while others plot elaborate and ill-conceived schemes for destroying the government or blowing up the White House."

"As a public-spirited citizen," smiled the psychi-

4-F

How to take the worry out of being healthy

atrist who described this syndrome, "I would object to the Army taking these guys. If I were a general, I'd worry about them giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

The chapter discussing "moral" causes for rejection is amusing, but useful only for a limited group. The Army says it doesn't want felons or subversives, but in fact takes most of them anyway. A man with a string of offenses or a truly resourceful revolutionary can, however, succeed in convincing the warlords that they'd be better off without him. Even if you can't make the grade, it's nice to savor the irony of the military having moral standards.

"A man who murdered as a civilian is unacceptable to the Army, which trains men to kill. A convicted arsonist cannot be inducted for shipment to Vietnam, where American soldiers burn villages. In short, civilians whose demonstrated talents indicate the greatest potential are summarily rejected by the military."

The problem with getting out as a subversive, by the way, is that the Pentagon insists on the Attorney General's red list as the sole standard of political acceptability, and that list hasn't been revised in years. Most of the dangerous organizations it names probably folded before we were born.

In case you're worried that you really have to be seriously ill to make use of *IV-F*, that they'll find out your migraine headaches aren't really that bad, listen to what Col. William C. Peard, chief of medical standards, has to say: "Even when we suspect malingering, to prove it is very difficult. A registrant may play upon some defect which might be minor, and it's almost impossible for a physician to say he's lying."

Investigations, according to the book, are virtually never made. They don't even get back to the doctors to find out if they actually wrote the letters the guys present. "Because of its voracious appetite for soldiers," *IV-F* explains, "the Army is concerned with masses of men rather than individuals. That some fit men escape the draft disturbs the Army little. Far more upsetting is that unfit men are inducted and become the Army's responsibility through the same flaws in the system."

"By making it the registrant's responsibility to prove his defect," the book continues, "the Army saves the time and expense of thorough physicals. But the use of this system makes the potential savings for the registrant even greater—two years of his life, and, if the war continues, perhaps the whole of it."

Grow Your Own -- An Introduction to Organic Gardening by Jeanie Darlington Bookworks (Berkeley), \$1.75

Jeanie Darlington and her husband rented a house that had a garden. With enthusiasm, she decided to plant flowers and vegetables. First she did it like they tell you to in Nurseries, but then she discovered a magazine on organic farming and gardening. It gave her some details on what chemical fertilizers and bug sprays do to the ecological balance of a garden. Chemical fertilizers kill off all the earthworms in the soil and DDT destroys the bug balance.

Little by little she got into creating a garden using only organic substances. She found out that there are firms that sell the proper bugs to eat the pests in her garden. Jeanie ordered ladybugs and praying mantises. She has put drawings of them in her book.

Jeanie's book (I call it that because she writes in a personal style) tells you in detail how to repair your soil, build a compost pile, and how and when to grow things indoors and out. Her book also has a bibliography, nice drawings, a sunflower crossword puzzle and a list of addresses (like where you can get the bugs.)



Grow Your Own

Here's some quotes from the book:

"If you're having any other trouble with hungry bugs, try this spray: 1 strong onion, 2 hot peppers, and 2 cloves of garlic. Grind in a blender or food mill, or chop fine. Add about 1½ cups water and let stand for several hours. Strain and dribble this

on the rows of sprouts. Bury the leftover spray-mash between rows."

"By early June, I was able to see how effective the half pint of ladybugs had been that we released in early April. Most of them had died soon after we released them because it was the end of their life-cycle. But before they did, they mated and laid lots of eggs. Imagine Volkswagens humping. The scene is what ladybugs look like when they mate."

"The Praying Mantis egg cases hatched at the very end of May. It was far out. Looking like mutants from a former atomic age, they came tumbling out of the little round one and one-half inch egg cases, about 200 from each, 3/4 of an inch long, and went streaming across the landscape. Invasion from outer space."

To translate some of Jeannie's ideas into city-style mini-gardens, I suggest a copy of MINIGARDENS for vegetables. U.S. Department of Agriculture, Home & Garden Bulletin no. 163, available at the notorious Federal Building or from Supt. of Documents, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington D.C. 20402—15 cents each.

Gretchen



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Scab of a Nation

1. April 15th Moratorium demonstrations blanket country. Militant actions see large numbers arrested in Berkeley and Boston after pitched battles with cops. Penn State heralds coming campus action with week of anti-ROTC events, culminating in fire-bombings and confrontations with state police; 176 arrested at Miami of Ohio after 1500 students turn armory into music hall.

GIs at Fort Lewis, Washington ignore threats of five-year sentences and fast to protest "ghetto pacification" training. 43 soldiers return medals at San Francisco rally.

Moratorium Committee dissolves April 19th, stating that "there is little prospect of immediate change in the administration's policy in Vietnam. A new direction and focus are needed for anti-war activities." Committee coordinator terms mass demonstrations "a political fad that has worn off."

2. Earth Day, April 22nd. Cars buried, seaweed eaten, bullshit spread by industry spokesmen. The concerned go to sleep frustrated and/or co-opted. Typical demonstration is the "anti-pollution" affair along a major thoroughfare in New York City; city officials are key speakers, Con Ed furnishes key money. Continued pollution inspires 1500 to picket Commonwealth Edison stockholders' meeting in Chicago while 3000 challenge AT&T's monopoly status at Cleveland proxy debate.

3. Repression continues through April. Legal offices of the Committee to Defend the Panther 21 gutted in mysterious fire. Weatherwoman Linda Evans, wanted in Chicago under the 1968 Anti-Riot Act, captured on East Village street; eight Seattle Liberation Front members indicted under same law for their roles in a TDA (the day after the conclusion of the Chicago Conspiracy trial) rally. Dawn-to-dusk curfew imposed in Lawrence, Kansas after firebombings in response to tear-gassing of black high school students; police chief resigns under criticism from mayor and liberal community. Three operators of the UFO coffeehouse in Columbia, South Carolina sentenced to six years each for "keeping and maintaining a public nuisance" (coffeehouse fined \$10,000); Movement coffeehouse burnt in LA by Cuban exiles.

Far right stifled by gun busts in Chicago and raid to smash plot against liberal judge. Independent Voters of Illinois charges gross irregularities in acquittal of members of Chicago's own Legion of Just-Us.

Author and professor Leslie Fiedler sentenced to six months for letting people take down in his Buffalo home; Bakersfield, Cal. City Council votes death sentence for second sales conviction.

4. Nixon announces invasion of Cambodia in televised speech of April 30th, calls it a "protective response."

5. Expected confrontation fails to materialize as 7-10000 demonstrators heed Black Panther Party instructions at New Haven May Day rally in support of Bobby Seale and others accused of kidnapping, murder, and conspiracy. Ten of Yale's twelve colleges support action with food, housing, and people. Amid radical criticism of Yale's outsized role in the New Haven community, University President Brewster announces that black revolutionaries cannot get fair trials in America. Agnew responds by calling for his resignation.

6. Series of anti-ROTC demonstrations follow Nixon's speech. ROTC buildings firebombed at Hobart, U of Oregon, Tulane, others. Counter-insurgency centers burnt at Stanford when police smash non-violent anti building takeover. Building seizures around country.

ALSO ON STRIKE:
UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII (X)
ALASKA METHODIST U.

Students vs state police as U Maryland demonstration blocks US highway No. 1. 400 arrested in two-day battle at Ohio State. 1200 students rampage at Buffalo to emphasize anti-ROTC, anti-defense contract demands. ROTC shack at Kent State burnt.

7. Department of Labor announces unemployment is at four million level, 300,000 higher than year ago.

8. Nixon calls campus demonstrators "bums." Killing of four "bums" by panicked Guardsmen during May 4th Kent State protest of Cambodian invasion provokes nationwide response as young white students come to share an opinion of institutional violence widely held

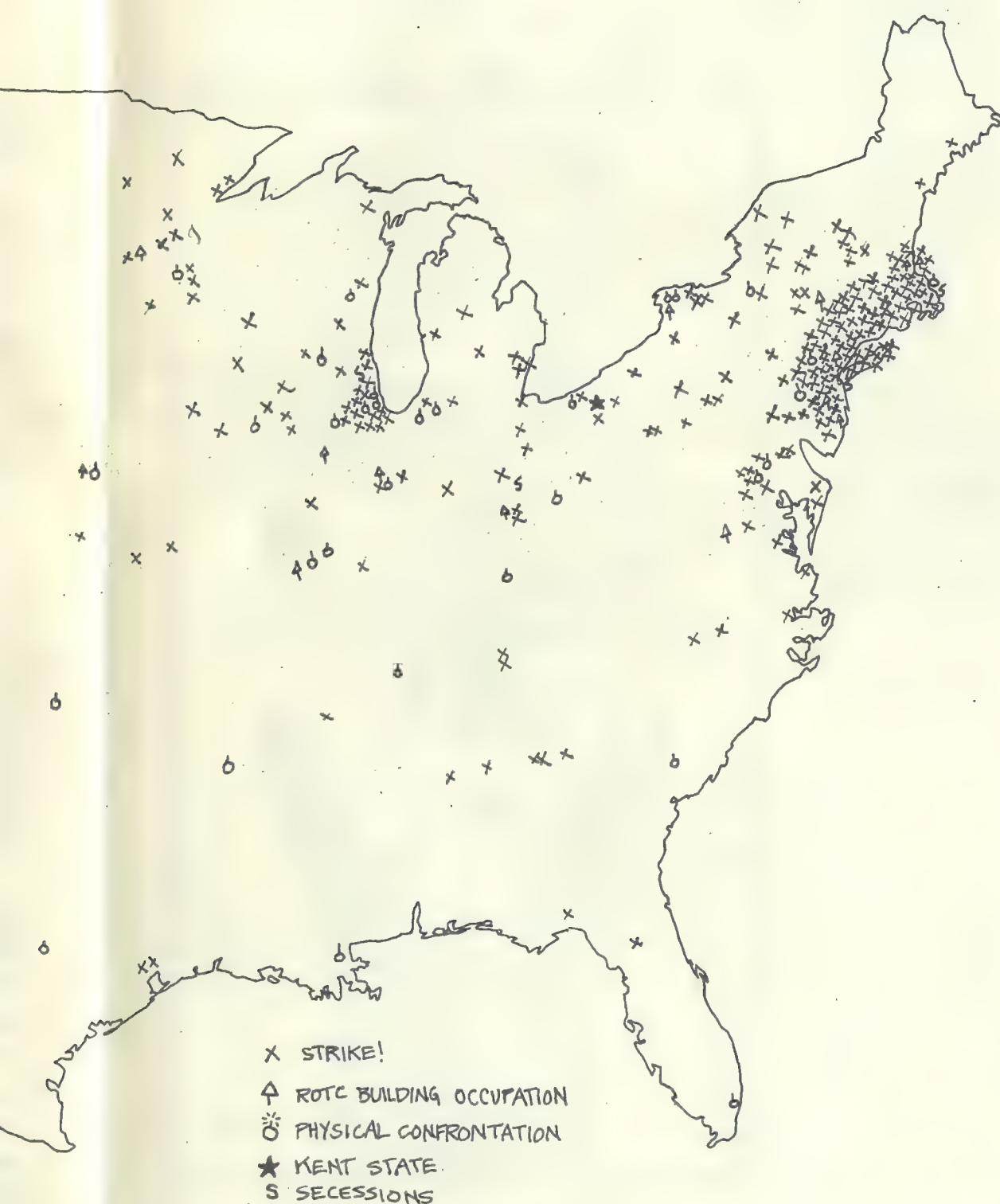
by blacks, Vietnamese and others. National strike delegation, many of whom had discussed in New Haven, meet at George Washington U to coordinate action. Officials of the National Association announce that over 100 colleges closed.

Moratorium Committee reconvenes.

9. Blaming violence on "a small minority," presses his regrets about the deaths at Kent; fortunately, he fails to explain that the "violence" consists of him and his cronies in govt the military and the corporate structure.

10. Responding to their President's suggestion

On Going Insane



...namese and others. National student
 on, many of whom had discussed policy
 , meet at George Washington University
 action. Officials of the National Student
 announce that over 100 colleges have been
 in Committee reconvenes.

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 and the corporate structure.

ng to their President's suggestion that

students "learn a lesson" from the deaths of Jeff Miller, Allison Krause, Sandy Scheuer and Bill Schroeder, students begin three days of strikes that close 437 colleges and universities. Student Mobilization Committee designates Friday the sixth as national day of mourning and calls for immediate withdrawal from Cambodia, end to political repression at home, halt to university complicity with war machine.

Several thousand students arrested nationally, with bayonettings at New Mexico and shootings at Ohio State and Buffalo. Curfews imposed at Maryland, Northern and Southern Illinois, U of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana after heavy street-fighting. Demonstrations and confrontations at the UN, draft boards, Federal Buildings,

military installations, state capitals. Numerous ROTC installations firebombed (Idaho, Utah, Boston U., Minnesota, Washington U, Miami), occupied, or advanced on. Princeton, Case Western drop ROTC programs; Rutgers announces phaseout. Heaviest action takes place in Madison, where 60 firebombs and four days of fighting disrupt the university and the state government. Nixon burnt in effigy everywhere.

Kent State, Oberlin, BU, others close for rest of year. Stanford announces shut-down until US withdrawal from Cambodia. Smith, Amherst, Finch, Whittier--the colleges of the Presidential family--go out on strike.

While action at numerous schools involves militance, many administrations channel energy from heavy protest and the role of the university in relation to the surrounding community. Splits develop between radical caucuses and moderate strike committees, between smash-the-staters and peace-nows. Radicals isolated at Northwestern, U of Chicago, etc.

Those in power divide over its use. Cabinet members Hickel and Finch criticize Agnew rhetoric; Spiro censors speech given during strike. Senator Young of Ohio trades verbal shots with Ohio National Guard Commander over guilt of his troops while Governor Rhodes loses in primary election. Norman Mailer, on his way to jail for 1967 Pentagon scuffle, says, "If you were as unpopular as Dick Nixon, wouldn't you want to destroy the world."

Nixon responds to criticism by granting an audience to six Kent State students and announcing that the seizure of a weapons cache in Cambodia has justified intervention and "bought us six months of time."

Conservatives spend week grumbling while media spotlights left dissent. Young Americans For Freedom support for war goes all-but-unnoticed, but police laxity in handling of attack on dissenting students by construction and financial workers provokes investigation by New York's Mayor Lindsay. J. Edgar Hoover announces that the November 15th demonstration in Washington was "Communist inspired."

11. Charges dropped against the seven survivors of the State's Attorney raid that led to the assassination of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark in Chicago last December.

12. 75-100000 people march on Washington, smaller marches take place across the land. Congressmen soak up dissent while demonstrators ignore speeches to soak up the sun. Nixon walks among students near Lincoln Memorial, says that our major problem is the search for "the meaning of life." 1000 Mobe marshals protect Justice Department from militants.

Movement for a New Congress convenes in New York, issues statement that major thrust on campuses next fall will be the election of "peace candidates."

100 arrested at demonstration vs Defense Department's Illiac IV computer, under construction at the U of I's Champaign campus.

13. Chicago Peace Council's Sid Lens embraces North Vietnamese delegates after speaking before 250,000 in Paris after week which saw USIA office in Berlin ransacked and demonstrators call for Nixon's death in London.

14. Bill calling for end to Cambodian appropriations clears Senate Foreign Relations Committee as legislature embarks on campaign that will call mere pulling of troops back into Vietnam a "victory."

Most schools reopen, heavy action restricted to militant centers such as Madison. Smoke clears, war remains.



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wrote the Introduction.

Paul Williams

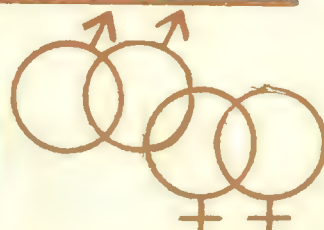
contributed the Epilogue.

Peter Max

designed the jacket.

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GAY LIBERATION



"No one will be free until blacks are free. No one will be free until women are free. No one will be free until gay people are free. No one will be free until we are all free."
—Lee Weiner

Chicago Gay Liberation has been extremely active in the last month. On April 15, Moratorium Day, a contingent from gay liberation marched with the other groups and Bill Dry addressed the rally. The next day was Gay Liberation Day in the Chicago area, and a rally was held in Grant Park at Michigan and Washington. Five speakers, including Lee Weiner and Martha Shelly, a member of women's lib and gay lib in NYC, addressed 300 people. After the rally, 100 people carrying brightly colored banners marched through the Loop.

On April 18, gay liberation held a dance at the Coliseum which was attended by nearly 2000 people. On Friday, the day before the dance, an officer of the vice squad informed an ACLU lawyer that there would be a mass bust of the dance. ACLU contacted lawyers Renee Hanover and Jonathan Smith, as well as Gay Liberation. Everyone met Saturday morning to decide what would be done in the event of a bust of such stature. The ACLU, Renee, and Jon met the vice squad, showed them

that there was no legal means to warrant the arresting of two persons of the same sex dancing together, and announced that the arresting officers would be charged with false arrest. The vice understood this argument, and ACLU members were at the dance to act as witnesses. A few police stood and watched at the dance, but there was no bust. We are very thankful to Renee, Jonathan, the ACLU, lawyers and law students who worked with us to ensure everyone's civil rights.

As if the legal hassles weren't enough, we had a great deal of difficulty getting insurance for the affair. Allstate Insurance copped out on its contract to insure the dance. Luckily, we were able to get insurance from a black agent in California.

The next weekend, a boycott was staged against the Normandy, a gay bar on the near north side. The boycott was staged mainly to introduce dancing in the bar, and was held on Friday and Saturday. Thirty people picketed, and business in the bar declined 90%. The club owners negotiated with gay lib representatives the following week, and they applied for a dancing license from city hall the next day. The boycott has been suspended pending further negotiations.

Gay liberation held a dance and teach-in on May

CONT. ON 19

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180 N Wacker
7614 Ashland
6744 Sheridan
5550 Broadway
4812 Broadway
2336 Devon
3230 Broadway
2581 Lincoln
2446 Lincoln
2310 Lincoln
Fullerton Stop
2136 Halsted
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North & Wells
Pipers Alley
1434 N Wells
1500 Blk Wells
1407-B N Wells
2663 N Clark
6469 Sheridan
664 State
651 State
911 N Rush
2630 N Clark
1341 W Morse
1450 N Wells
2478 Lincoln
3347 W Lawrence
6229 N California
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7647 N Paulina
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2909 Broadway
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2837 Broadway
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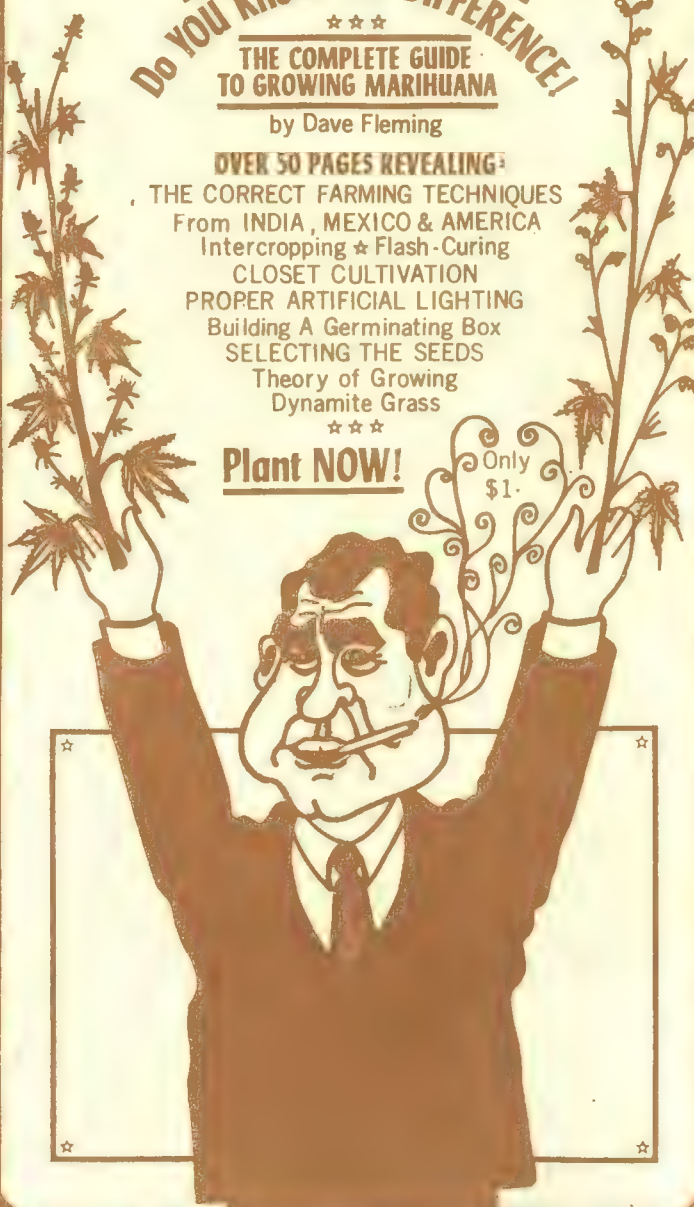
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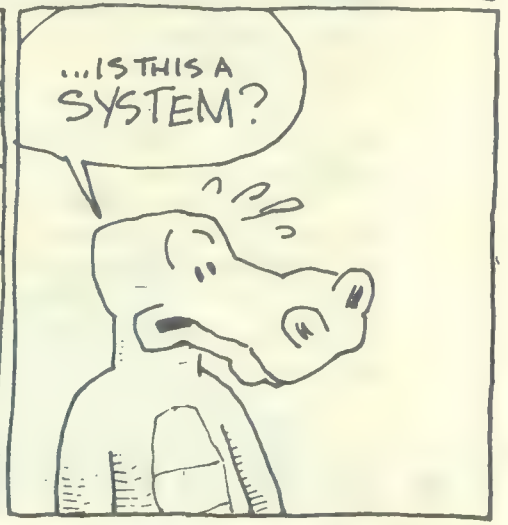
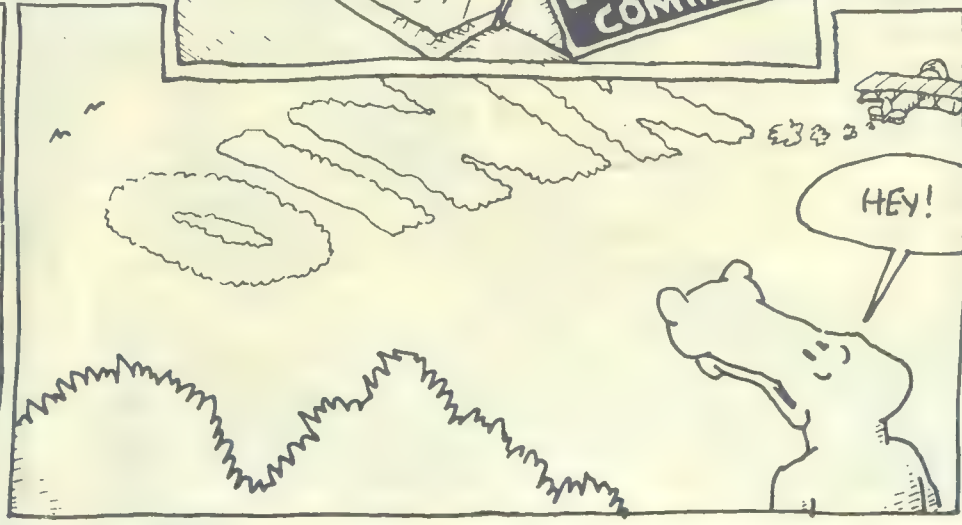
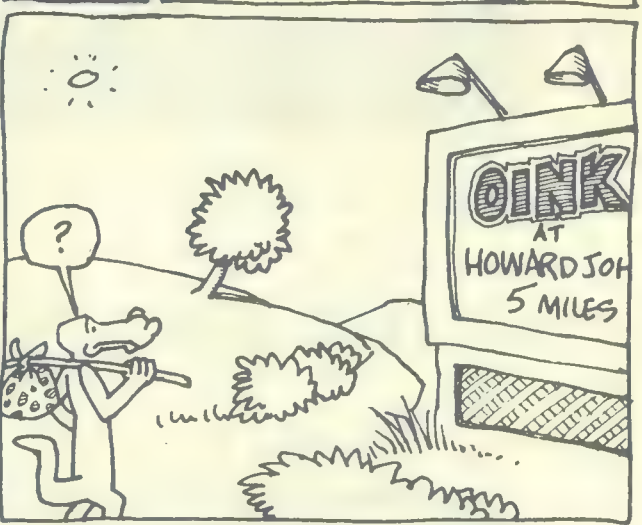
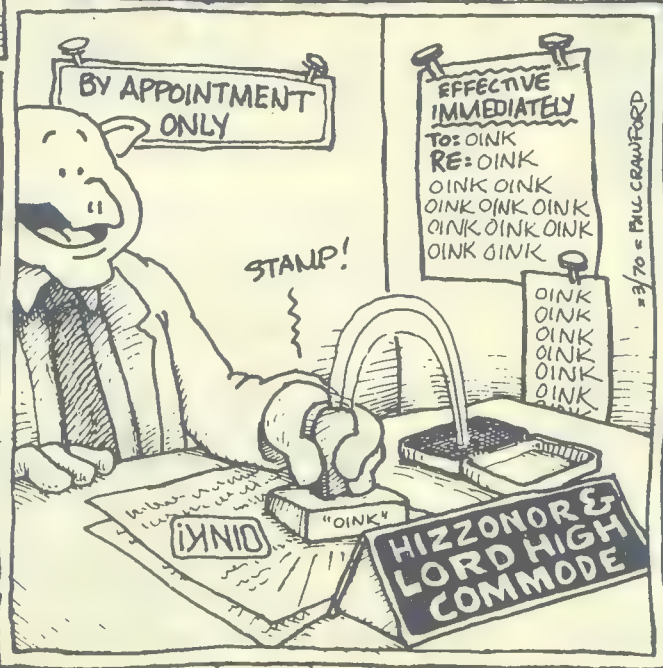
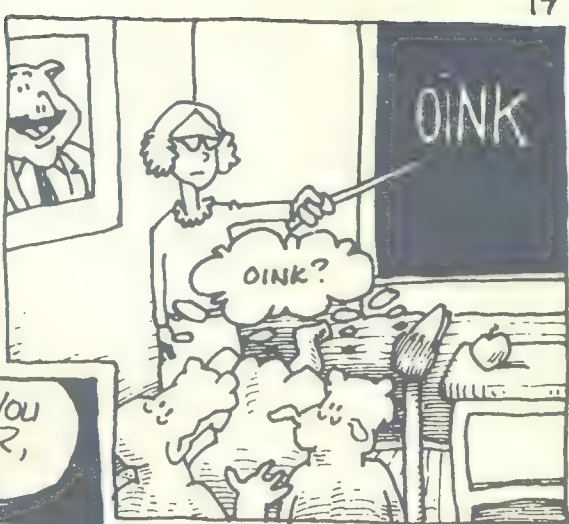
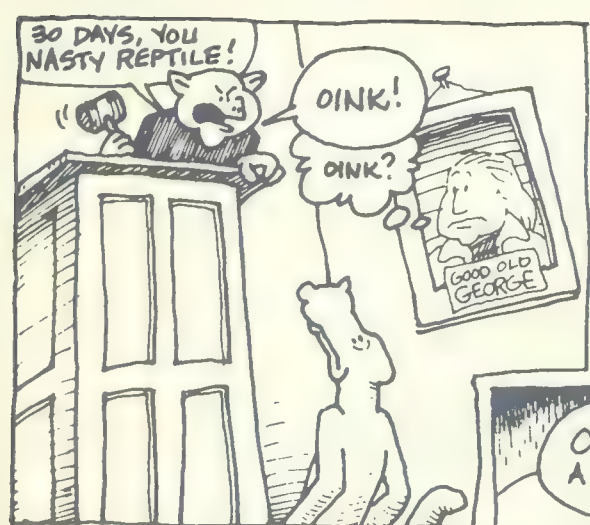
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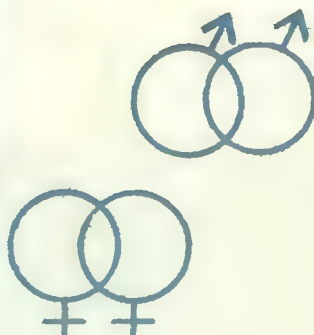
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← PAGE 16

Day at the U of Wisconsin in Madison. On May 2, Cham-
paign Gay Liberation held a free rock concert-picnic at
Allerton Park, thirty miles west of Champaign; 400 peo-
ple attended the day's events. That same night Northwes-
tern U. Gay Liberation held a dance attended by 1500
people. The vice squad of the Evanston Police threatened
to bust the dance but the vice president of Northwestern
intervened and the police backed down.
Visions of the future:

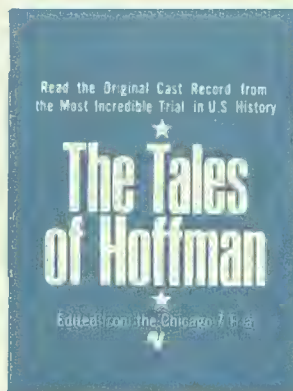
There will be a demonstration in front of the Span-
ish Consulate at 11 E. Adams at 10:00 A.M. May 16, to
protest repressive laws proposed by the Spanish Govern-
ment against homosexuals.

Groups of speakers from gay liberation have spo-
ken at various colleges and high schools. If you wish to
know where we'll be speaking, call us, we could use help
fielding questions and getting rides.

Another free rock concert will be held at Allerton
Park near Champaign, Illinois on May 23.

In June an additional gay-rock event will be held.
Further information later.

A midwestern gay lib conference, get together is
scheduled for June 6-7 in Ann Arbor, Mich.
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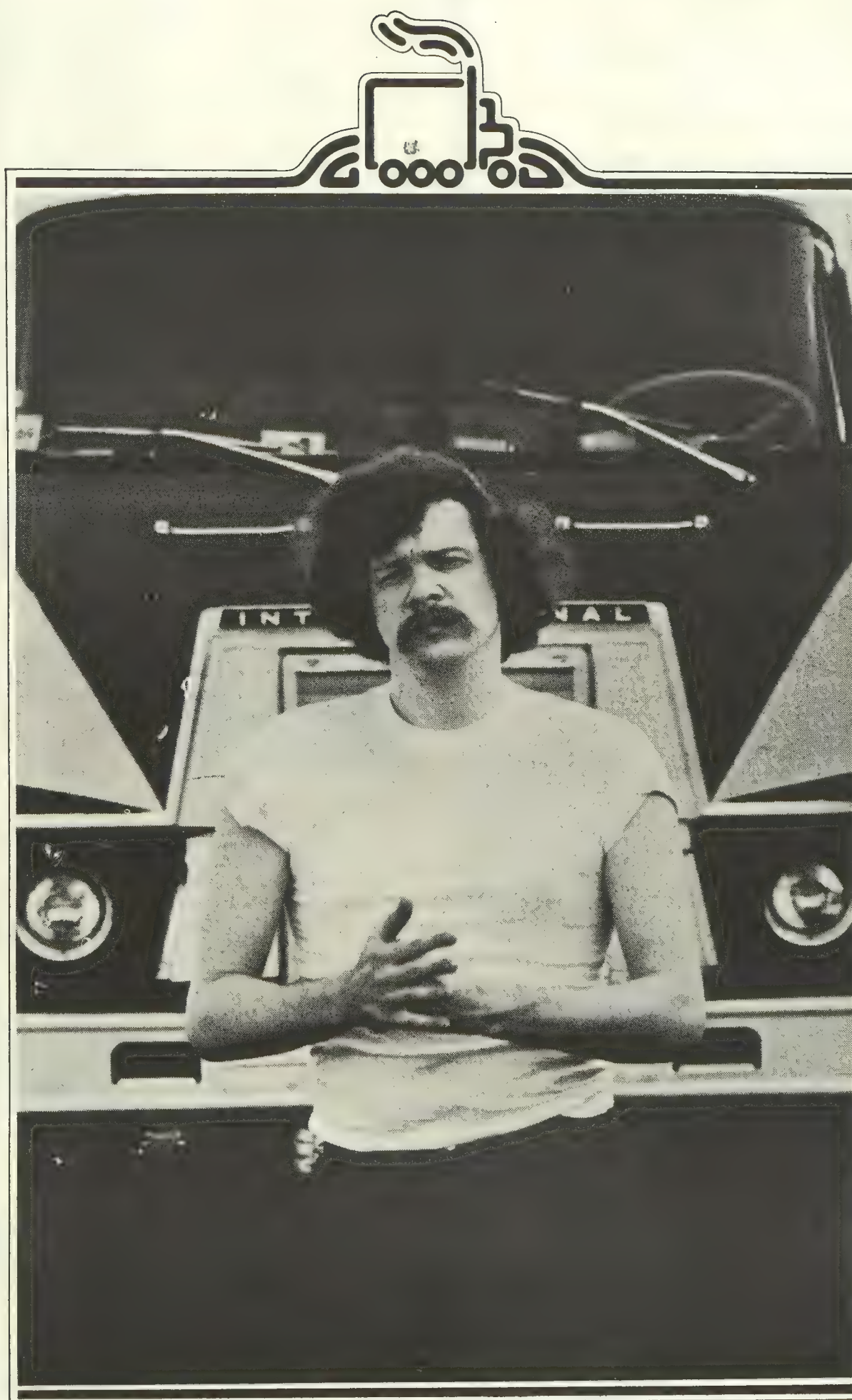
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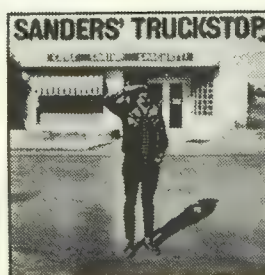
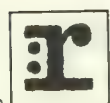
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Calendar

THEATER

Roosevelt Univ presents 'The Locomotive' by Frand Galati on Friday & Sat, May 15 & 16 at 8pm in Sinha Hall. Tickets are \$2, students \$1.

The Organic Theater, 925 W Diversey, extends its run of 'Animal Farm' thru May 16. The play will be presented each Thurs & Fri at 8pm, & Sat at 8 & 10:30. Tickets are \$2.50 (\$1 for students on Thurs). For reservations call 477-1977.

The Goodman Theatre Co, 200 S Columbus Dr presents 'The Man in the Glass Booth' by Robt Shaw, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sun at 7:30 pm, & Fri & Sat at 8:30 until May 17. The Goodman Children's Theatre Co presents 'A Doctor in Spite of Himself' on Sat at 10:30am & 2:30pm, & Sun at 2:30pm. Call 236-7080 for more info

Columbia College Theater presents 'Elephant Cal' & 'Ginger Anne' every Thurs thru May at 8:30pm; and 'Naked Lunch' Fri & Sat thru May at 7:30 at the Performing Arts Center at 1725 N Wells. FREE.

The Actors Workshop presents 'To the Induction Center' at the Unity, 656 W Barry, Fri & Sat at 8:30pm thru May 30. Admission is \$2. For reservations call 935-4875.

The Free Theater presents 'Joan of Arc', a rock opera by Wm Russo, at the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W Fullerton. Show times are Sun 7&9, Mon 8pm.

The Kingston Mines Theatre Co 2356 N Lincoln will present 'The People VS Ranchman' by Megan Terry for a minimum ten week run beginning April 3. Fri, Sat & Sun at 9, tickets \$2. For reservations call 525-9893.

The U of C presents 'They Shall Not Pass' in the Chicago Theological Seminary Cloisters at 55th & Univ, May 16 thru 18 at 8pm.

Second City 1616 N Wells presents 'Chicago where Justice is Done or Oh! Cal Coolidge!' Tues thru Thurs 9pm, Fri&Sat 8:30 & 11, Sun at 9. \$2.95-\$3.95. Improvisations are free and follow the evening's performances every day but Friday.

The Old Town Players Theater-Workshop presents the 'Chalk Garden,' May 15 thru July 5, Fri&Sat 8:30, Sun 7:30 at 1718 N North Park. All tickets \$2. For reservations call 645-0145.

The Fourth Force will present evenings of improvisational movement and scenes every Mon at 8:30 & evenings of works-in-progress every Sat at 8:30. 4715 N Broadway, admission \$1.50, call 782-9319 for reservations and info.

The Dance Troupe and students of Columbia College will perform 'Journey' on Weds at 8pm at 1725 N Wells, admission FREE.

The Theater of Phynance is extending its 'Theater in Media' demonstration Mondays & Wednesdays at 8pm & 9pm, 2261 N Lincoln, thru May.

Hull House Playwrights' Center 222 W North, presents 'In a Funny How Town' running thru June 6, Fridays & Saturdays at 8:30. Tickets \$2, \$1.50 for students. Call 664-0998 for reservations.

The Cafe Topa coffee house, 904 W Belmont, presents Edward Albee's 'Zoo Story', thru mid June, Fri&Sat 8:30, Sun 7:30. Call 549-8618 for more information.

And don't forget: On June 7th Right-On Free City Music presents: Mason Profit, Pure Smack, Wilderness Road, Bob Gibson, The Blimp Works Band in Lincoln Park at the public forum. Sound System by Euphoria Blimp Works.

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The New Quiet Knight is at 953 W Belmont featuring the finest music, drinks, food, soft drinks, coffee...ample parking nearby. Tues is blues nite with Siegal/Schwall. Call 348-9509 for more information.

If you're under 21 and cannot get into the Blues Bars the next best thing is Mojo. 78 new releases and everything in between. Interviews with blues folk. Host Cary Baker, Tues 7:30pm on WNTH radio, 88.1 FM.

The Earl of Old Town West, 4343 Harlem in Norridge presents Dee Dee Wright and Brian Gieler on Fridays & Saturdays & sometimes on Sundays (which will be announced) thru June

Heads Up, 386 Hainsville Rd in Roundlake Pk, Ill features a series of music happenings:
May 15 Sun & Sweet Albert
May 16 Siegal/Schwall Happy Year Band & The Illusion
May 22 Fuse & Jesse
May 23 Truth & Wilderness Road
May 29 Raw Meat & Frog
May 30 Atlantis & Pure Smack

Heads Up also features the Gary Gand Incredible Light Show, a head shop, leather shop, Ice Cream Parlour, record shop, cake bar & good vibes. Open at 8pm, admission is \$3. Phone 546-8005 for info or directions.

American Tribal Productions announces the coming of monster rock concerts every Fri at the Aragon Ballroom. On May 15, Delanie, Bonnie & Friends, Smith, White Lightning and Jessie will be here; and on May 22 see Litter, Mountain, Bob Seger, the Stooges and Blood Rock. On June 5 see Sha-na-na, Crow, Uncle Dirty and MORE. Tickets are available at all Ticketron outlets & by dialing T-I-C-K-E-T-S.

ART

Drawings & paintings by artist-reporter Franklin McMahon are now being shown at the Chicago Historical Society, North Ave & Clark, 9:30 to 4:30 daily; 12:30 to 5:30 Sundays thru October.

The Art Committee of the U of Ill Circle Campus presents the Free Freak Film Fest weekdays thru May 29 at 6pm in the Behavioral Sciences Building, rm 250, at Harrison & Morgan Aves. Call 663-8622 for more information.

CONTINUING

The Other Door coffeehouse, 3124 N Broadway is open weekdays 7pm to 2am, Fridays 9:30pm with open poetry readings, Sat & Sun 1pm to ? Free community music on Sundays.

The New Product Line coffeehouse in Arlington Hts is open Fri 8-12. Live entertainment and recreation at 500 E Miror. Call 255-8850 for more information.

Antigone Coffeehouse, 419 Lincolnway (basement of Teen Center, entrance in alley), LaPorte Ind., Sat 8-12pm. Folk music, impromptus, and all around fun & food. Admission only 75¢.

Coffeehouse-crafts center at 1157 N LaSalle Fridays & Saturdays 8-12:30. Coffee, rap, popcom. Do your thing. FREE

RAHAB's coffee house, 1649 N Wells. Coffee, cider, music, discussion, poetry. Only 50¢.

9th Way Coffee House 116 S Michigan rm 1108, 8pm Fridays.

The Community Arts Foundation invites Chicagoans to "come and play" theater games every Sun at 3pm. Admission is \$2. Call 525-1052 for info or reservations.

The Blue Gargoyle at 5655 S University holds Hoot & Rap sessions every Wed & Thurs nite. Call 955-5826 for more information.

Social Encounter with sensory awareness & interpersonal relationship experiences every Weds 7:30-10pm at The Center, 140 N State. \$3.50 admission. Call 641-5695 for reservations.

Steve&Nans coffee house 10708 W 71 St in LaGrange open every day from 9am featuring Nans famous spaghetti.

Cafe Pergolesi 3404 N Halsted, coffeehouse, bridge, chess, local artists gallery, baroque music. Nightly 6-12, Sat & Sun til 1am. No cover, no minimum.

The Earl of Old Town features live folk music nightly, 1615 N Wells, 9-4am.

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players every Fri & Sat nite 9-1am. Folk, bluegrass & balladeers are also featured.

It's Here coffeehouse 6455 N Sheridan features folk singers & satirists, Fri-Sun. Doors open at 7:30, shows at 8 & 10:30, \$2.50 per person 75¢ min. Call SH3-9781 for more information.

Saturday's Child Coffeehouse 212 Lincoln, Porter Ind (get off Ind. Toll Rd at Chesterton) Fri & Sat 8-12pm open stage Fridays continuous entertainment & food. \$1.25.

The College of Complexes presents guest speakers every Sat nite at 9pm. Cost is only \$1. The College is located at 105 W Grand. Call 664-4440 for more information.

The Diocese of Chicago of the Universal Life Church Coffee House, 1049 W Polk, gets it on nitely. Sounds weekends. "It's open when the light's on."

FREE FILMS from Newsreel every Wed night at 8 - Neighborhood commons, Wisconsin & Fremont. If you've got films to show, call David at 248-9858.

Bob Gand and his staff will be featured in the 'Spring Concert' at the Village School of Folk Music, 631 Deerfield Rd, Deerfield Ill, on Sun May 17 at 5pm.

COMMUNITY

FREE FEED at the Grace Lutheran Church, 555 W Belden every Wed at 6pm.

The Ranch Triangle is an organization fighting proposed plans for urban renewal in the Halsted-Armitage Community. The proposes plans do not include plans for low & moderate housing. If you want to help call 248-3886.

If you want to do something about all that shit floating around in the air contact Citizens Revolt Against Pollution (CRAP) at 463-0308.

SCLS (Operation Breadbasket) has a free breakfast program every morning Mon-Fri, 7-10am at St Anna Church 55th & LaSalle Sts and also at Christ the King Lutheran Church 3700 Lake Park. If you want to help call Mrs Bell at 723-2226.

ACLU needs office volunteers during the day. Call 236-5564 or stop in at 6 S Clark.

STOP DEATH The Cryonics Society of Illinois (people against death) is trying to get it together. Call Lucille at 468-0462 or John at 276-9166 for more info.

Gay Liberation welcomes interested people to attend its meetings and to participate in the gay movement. For further information call:

North Side	477-3724
South Side/Univ of Chicago	955-7433
West Side/Univ of Illinois	246-3551
Loop/Roosevelt Univ	525-5268
Northern Suburbs/Northwestern Univ	338-8241
Northern Suburbs/Northwestern Univ	338-8241
Gay Womens Caucus	955-7433 (South Side)
	642-7476 (North Side)

NEED HELP? Free medical & legal help, food, housing and warmth. It's a solid thing. Call the Looking Glass at 334-2601 or come to 1725 Wilson. Open 24 hours a day.

Student Mob, 9 S Clinton, holds open meetings each Sat at 1:00 in the Univ of Ill Union Bldg.

Evanston Free Univ opened in Jan. They need people to teach. For catalogue or more info write or call Ron Freund, 804 Washington St, Evanston, 328-8769 or Gigi at 869-9597.

SPECIAL

March on Jewel

Sat May 16, 9am-march forms outside of the Farm Workers office, 13th & Wabash. Rally in Humboldt Park at 3pm.
Sun May 17, 9am-march begins at Central & North Aves, with rally at Jewel headquarters, 1955 W North Ave in Melrose Park at 1pm

The Univ of Chicago presents a Marx Brothers Film Orgy on Mon, May 18 at 7pm in Mandel Hall, 5706 S University. Films to be shown will be 'The Big Store,' 'A Day at the Races,' and 'Go West.' Admission is only \$1.

U. of C. University Theater presents Beckett's 'Waiting for Godot' May 14-17 at 8pm at the Lutheran School of Theology, 1100 E 55 St. \$2 admission, call MI3-0800, ask for Reynolds Club Box Office.

On May 22 The Multimedia Rock Cantata 'The Civil War' by William Russo will be presented by the Free Theater of Columbia College Center for New Music in the Idenois Gym, 59th & Woodlawn.

Free Feeds are already happening at the Sunday love-ins in Lincoln Park. If you're hungry, come and get it. Donations are needed to keep 'em going.

"AN INTENSELY ROMANTIC LOVE STORY

about four people and their curiously desperate struggles for sexual power. The movie captures a feeling between people and nature, that is about as sensuous as anything you've probably ever seen in a film. When Birkin first makes love to Ursula, in the woods, it's a sort of mad scramble of lust. When, however, he and Gerald strip to the buff to wrestle—there is a sense of positive grace in the eroticism. It is such an appealing movie."

—NEW YORK TIMES

"LUST VS. LOVE ON THE SEXUAL BATTLEGROUND.

The spiky originality of 'Women in Love' comes from D. H. Lawrence's uncompromising way of talking about sex as sex. Lawrence's lovers hate, lust, bicker, distrust, reconcile, rape, destroy.

The movie will become a cherished classic."

—LOOK MAGAZINE



LARRY KRAMER and MARTIN ROSEN present
ALAN BATES OLIVER REED
GLENDA JACKSON JENNIE LINDEN

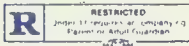
in KEN RUSSELL'S film of

D. H. LAWRENCE'S "WOMEN IN LOVE"

with ELEANOR BRON

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And they listen, brother, they listen.

The Country Preacher

Rev. Jesse Jackson

on his first recorded album gets the people to say—

"I Am Somebody"

and they are saying it loud and clear!

The pre-release demand for this album has been overwhelming. Forced to the surface by the events of today, Rev. Jesse Jackson represents a new movement that commands the attention of the American society—both black and white!

Here's what the gentlemen of the press have to say about the man who's helping to keep Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream alive:

"It is abundantly clear . . . that Jackson is both a man of God and a shrewd, even arrogant, political infighter."

John Pekkanen, LIFE MAGAZINE

" . . . Almost everyone who has seen Rev. Jackson in operation acknowledges that he is probably the most persuasive black leader on the national scene and that breadbasket is something rare and viable in the movement."

John Herbers—NEW YORK TIMES



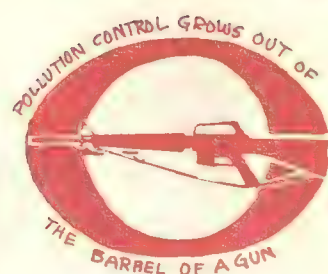
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Double fold album TAS-2601

INTERCOURSE



"All men must die, but death can vary in its significance. The ancient Chinese writer SZUMA CHEN said, 'Though death befalls all men alike, it may be heavier than Mt. Tai or lighter than a feather.' To die for the people is heavier than Mt. Tai but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather." - MIAO

MISC.

Communal living weekend encounter workshops for people seriously considering communal living 8-11 p.m. Fri., 10-10 Sat., 10 a.m.-? Sun., May 22-24. Meet people with whom you may further consider establishing a commune. Send name, address, phone, and \$5 to: Interchange, 5309 S. Greenwood, Chicago, 60615, by May 15. After that, call Moe, 731-4675.

Women's Lib members, SDS, Black Panthers, & other dissidents. Ballet will improve your karate. 939-7873.

Summer Rock Thing starting in Lincoln Park June 7. Help and ideas always needed. Write Free City Music, 2551 N. Halsted, or call Blind Al, 929-0133.

There will be a rock-carnival-circus at Lake Forest College, all 3 campuses, May 16. People who would like to play there or set up arts & crafts booths, please call Karen, 234-7799.

The Free Store lies at the center of our revolutionary vision. The Free Store is free! No shit, just love. 727 S. Laflin (1500 W.) Support Free Store!

Craft Co-op now open. 3rd floor of Blue Garage, 57th & University, 1-5 p.m., Mon-Fri. Pottery, jewelry, candles, batik, tie-die, etc.

Communal living-weekend workshops on rural living, farming, soil conservation, ceramics, weaving, or you name it. April 15-17, Pleasant Valley Farm. \$16.50 room, board. Scholarship. Reservations to: Bette Quimby, Pleasant Valley Road, Woodstock, Illinois. (815) 338-5080.

New Midwest artists at "The Painted Lady" Art Gallery & Studio. 1045 W. Lill, no. 2. Open 6 days, 11:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. closed Monday. 528-3109.

Body awareness. New classes starting. Classical ballet technique. 939-7873.

MESSAGES

Bill Perry, (age 34, 5 feet, 5 inches, 130 lbs., lt. brown hair, blue eyes), or anyone knowing his whereabouts, please contact his father, at 385-0205. Everything is fine concerning hospital, please call home.

C.F. Moll and I need you and that's all that's real. Please take us with you. B.S.

Superspace Head-Mad Mouse I'm leaving the Windy City next month, would like to see you before I go. No Tears or letters! Please call early or late, 935-7665. Paz y amor, Patrick-(YTB)

Anyone interested in cooperatively buying an ocean-going sailboat, call Jane, 731-3079, evenings.

Am interested in contacting someone with sailboat heading for Caribbean this summer. call 528-7914.

Bucky, (or anyone knowing him) I am pregnant and I need you very much. I do not know what to do. I don't have anybody at all, and if you've left me, too, God only knows where I'll turn. Bucky, please get in touch with me. I love you. JoAnn (from Cincinnati), (513) 825-6349.

Frank Uttered Caustic Killjoys To His Enemies Promoting Injustices Greatly Sought. Cary.

People, The Seed will hold mail for those of you with box numbers for six weeks after the day that it comes in. After that it's trashed! Come by and pick it up, or notify us to get rid of it.

MUSIC

Two fine musicians, teen-agers, looking for a heavy bass player, 14-18. With or going to get equipment. We play 6 instruments and compose. 483-4933.

Blues band needs bassist, singer and/or harp, pianist, tenor sax, and trumpet. All must be dedicated to blues. Must have own equipment and transportation. Dave, 766-0919.



ALL ADS ON THE CLASSIFIED PAGE ARE FREE, BUT NOT ALL ADS CAN BE RUN IMMEDIATELY, DUE TO SPACE AVAILABLE AND DATE RECEIVED. WE'VE TRIED TO ELIMINATE RIP-OFFS, LEGAL TURN-ONS, MODEL ADS, DATING SERVICES, HIP CAPITALISTS, AND GENERALLY QUESTIONABLE STUFF. WE STILL CANNOT VOUCH FOR THE SINCERITY OR LEGITIMACY, AND IF YOU STILL GET RIPPED OFF, LET US KNOW. ADS WILL BE ACCEPTED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL - NOT ON THE PHONE. IF YOU STILL HAVE QUESTIONS, PLEASE CALL SUE AT THE SEED. WHEN WRITING, INCLUDE PHONE NUMBER AND ADDRESS, WHICH WILL BE WITHHELD FOR THE ASKING.

Mike and Dave present Sandoz live and free at 1408 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lead guitar looking for blues band or individuals to do: Waters, Dixon, and original material. Must be serious! Call Tony, 279-2498.

Need lead guitar player. R&B and rock. Gil, AR6-7064.

LIT.

Going to Canada to avoid the draft? You need the new March, 1970 edition of "Immigration to Canada and Its Relation to the Draft and the Military." Single copies free from the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, Case Postale 5, Succursale Westmount, Montreal 215, Quebec, Canada.

HELP!

The Looking Glass Runaway Center is trying to find places for people over 18 to crash. If you have an extra bed or floor space, and want to help your people, call 334-2601, and ask for Dave. No legal hassles.

Brothers & Sisters, We are seeking witnesses to the arrest of two brothers during action on Wed., Oct. 8, 1969. They were arrested on Surf Street at 10:30 p.m., ostensibly for assault of Frank Sims, vice-Pres. of Harris Bank. Get in touch with us (Que), thru the Seed.

Revolutionary needs necessary tools for liberation. Making appeal to progressive people for necessary equipment. Rifles, handguns, ammunition, all types explosives, gas masks, etc. "Z" in care of Seed.

Looking Glass needs bread. 1725 W. Wilson. 334-2601.

Wanted: An electric organ, any condition, any type. Nonworking condition fine, even preferable. Must be free or cheap. Call Armando at the Seed.

Wanted: transportation still a necessity even though we abandon the internal combustion reciprocating life style—Seed needs bicycles: large or small, 3 or 5 speed, men's or women's, free or cheap. call Seed, 929-0133.

Need racer bicycle. Jane, 994-0732.

Drug Counseling Center on West Side. JUST US. 378-7618. 61 N. Parkside, Chicago.

Wanted! Dodge Sportsman or A-100 van, old enough to be cheap—especially good body/wrecked engine, etc. \$500 tops. hope you have 6 cyl. with stick. Call Armando at Seed.

The Seed and Free City need a flatbed truck, 16 feet or more, that can hold five tons, and a gasoline-powered generator sufficient to power a rock band. We're willing to buy, but free is always preferable. Contact the Seed.

Everyone who witnessed the incident in the City Council Chambers in February where Pieter Clark was arrested, please get in touch with Concerned Citizens, 2512 N. Lincoln, Chicago. Need witnesses—URGENT!

Any freaks who want to write to a freak in the service, write: AMN Michael E. Sheehan, 343-44-3739, CMR Box 4309, Elgin AFB, Florida, 32542. I need all the friends I can get.

LADO needs tables, chairs, desks, and file cabinets for their office at 2353 W. North. call 276-0909.

Struggling artist needs books and materials on subjects of art nouveau. Also need female figure studies: nude, fashion, whatever you can provide. Sorry, can't pay very much. I can pick up. Randy, 523-3860, anytime. If not in, please leave message.

People, get that van fixed, brakes, bearings, mufflers, pipes, tune-ups, etc. Call John Greene, 477-9771.

Will pay \$15 for a draft card bearing approx. the following description: born April, 1951, ht. 5 ft. 11 in., wt. 135, col., white, brown hair, brown eyes, no distinguishing characteristics. Any Any draft status acceptable, except student deferral. No dodgers or deserters. Urgent! A.M. 2998, De LaPromenade, Sainte-Foy, Quebec, Canada.

The Committee to Defend the Panthers needs help-people-desks-typewriters-people-office supplies-people-money. call Dick, 929-0133.

Man & Mini Van can help you move inexpensively beds, sofa, chests, etc. call Jon, 664-3376.

Help. Anyone with photos of Bob Gibson at Poynette Rock Fest, Moratorium, etc. Contact Blind Al at Seed.

FOR SALE

Gretch Electric 12-string. Perfect. \$250? 2 Gibson +50 speaker. Columns. New. \$100-each? No trades; need bread. Steve, 676-1710.

For Sale: Rogers Drum Set, good condition. Neil, TE4-3211.

Personal collection of blues records for sale. Over 1500 45's, 78's, and LP's. Ron, 348-5137.

For Sale: Leather, suede, and fur shop on W. Morse Ave. Owner must leave city, but can stay up to 30 days to instruct buyer. Work your own hours. \$100-a day easy profit. Take our lease for price of stock, tools, equipment, etc. 743-2160, or 465-6790, anytime.

Books. Best offer for assorted paperbacks, hard bound mysteries, and lots of other goodies. All in good to new condition. Must go soon! 439-3985, after 4:00 p.m. on weekdays.

For Sale: Hip household items, furniture and objects of art. Stereo and other appliances. Need Need bread, will sell cheap. 769-1496.

"Leave Cambodia Alone" "I Ain't Marching Anymore" "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" bumperstickers, 50 cents each (wholesale, too), nice colors. HEX brotherhood, box 68, Burnham, Pa. 17009.

Garrard turntable, Harmon Kardon amp., Koss headphones. \$130. 275-1404.

For Sale: 1964 Herald Triumph, good condition \$350- call 761-0639.

JOBS

Adult correspondent club wants someone to do typing part time in exchange for free room and private bath. Chance for part of business for the right person. 248-5550, eves. and weekends.

Young man will do nearly anything not illegal for for a fee, this summer. Need the extra aid. Eves and weekends. Send me your particulars, and I'll contact you. Don't mind traveling. A. Childress, 2306 E. 96th, Chicago.

Need hired help? Don't call day-labor! Many hard-working freaks need gigs. Call the Looking Glass for All-American Freak Labor. 334-2601. Ask for Dave or Howard.

Need a job? Sometimes we have permanent or short-time gigs. No promises, but try us before you starve. 334-2601, ask for Howard or Dave.

Lithographer looking for part-time job til Jan., then full-time. Call Ann Barney, 945-9456. Have recommendations.

College needs additional full-time photo instructor. Masters and five years experience desired. 469-6459.

Need help with getting bands, lights, sound setting up that special show or affair? Call or write Blind Al, 2551 N. Halsted, 929-0133.

Wanted: Ad salesman for the Community Artist newspaper, published by the Community Arts Foundation. Liberal straight commission. Call Ira, 525-1052. Might be good bread for good salesman.

RIDES, PLACES

Wanted: 2 roommates to share deluxe NW apt., who don't mind a little housework. Should like dogs, as we have two. Roger or Don, 685-7896.

Am seriously considering renting apt. in Forest Park or surrounding area, but need 2 or 3 women to go in on it with me. Please hurry with answers, as I must know soon. Paula, BR4-2579.

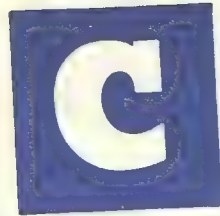
Groovy two room pad furnished, plus utilities. \$100 a month. Jan or Toney, 226-2926, after 5:00 p.m.

Two girls are looking for another roommate to share a northside apartment. Call Gloria or Wendy, 761-0639.

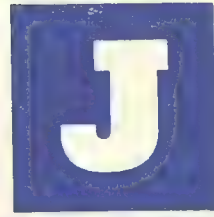
25 year old black, gay guy, who travels a lot, has near-north hi-rise pad, and is looking for a roommate. Long hair and grass don't bug me. Terms are negotiable. Please write Box 0004, Seed.

THE REVOLUTION NEEDS YOU!

give me a "C"....



give me a "J"....



give me the



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Rumor control: Once there was this big fantasy of liberating a large piece of land by holding a pop festival and having everybody chip in a buck so we could buy the land.... that was an interesting fantasy and it got us off for a while.... a bunch of people started talking about it, after Woodstock, after last summer, where it became apparent that more than anything else, maybe, we need to get together and really make room for an alternate lifestyle instead of bouncing off the walls all the time.... Anyway, there was this talk about this big trip. . . and more people heard about it and started thinking about it and started meeting about it and all of a sudden it had a name... Earth People's Park... far out! So then the ecology guys popped up and said, "you're crazy if you think you can have a million people on a piece of land and have everything be o.k."... and that made a lot of people think and the plan started to look sort of All-American-the-bigger-the-better.... so people did some more thinking and thought, well, maybe if we get to everyone who was in Woodstock, either physically or in spirit, and ask them to chip in a buck we could get enough bread and pull it off....so that word started to go out in various ways and then there was the feedback..."sounds like a cereal box top"... "chip in a buck and we'll get you the free land"... The ecologists could dig not having one million people on one spot...knowing that they had gotten through....convinced us to listen to their advice on how to use the land once we would get it...but the bigger-the-better trip was still there...on top of which was our free land plot, somehow centered on New Mexico, rubbed a lot of Chicanos the wrong way...And people started talking about that and started traveling around, talking about that and slowly, slowly, it started to make more sense to make Earth People's Parks happen wherever they will happen...and it dawned on us that the initial plot might have been too confining, that we had fallen into the trap of centralization....

"It's not so much a matter of cracking the eggs to make an omlette. Rather for the eggs to crack themselves aspiring towards omlettehood."

Earth People's Park...althought the way towards it seems to adapt itself to where can really handle it, the fantasy itself, of course remains more or less the same and as fantasies go, they can take a lot of different form. The basic idea is to free land...access to that land to be denied to no one...trusting we can live together in peace and in harmony with each other and our environment...where there is no 'your space' and 'My space', no 'inner space' or 'outer space', only free space...a nationless piece of earth, owned by no one, used by whoever takes care of it.

It is now obvious that we are facing a crisis on a planetwide level. Environmental pollution is total. Human beings were not meant to live this way and our humanity fades as conditions continue to worsen. We will have to radically change our lifestyle to more natural ways. We need places where we can figure out alternative life support systems... that will be focal points for survival tactics and ecological awareness.... liberated zones as some of us call them... where we can determine what it is that we need without having to deal with circumstances that slow us down.... where we can break through a city-imposed, technology-induced vicious circle... where we can live together organically, beyond rules, ...where technological know-how can help solve our problems instead of causing them.... where there is a possibility to live without money, working together, sharing our talents and resources.... All the elements are available for a sane existence, perhaps even for a paradise, beginning now....

"To begin to free themselves from the strong central economy, from the use of money. To begin to free themselves from economic slavery. To begin to free themselves from allegiances to violence (army, police, taxes). To begin to create an atmosphere of joy. To begin to create a world free from the taboos and senseless repressions. To make the experiments non-violent, because only love breeds love. To find ways to obsolete, to make unnecessary and to out-flank the repressive governmental systems, and all enforced authority. To begin in the fervor of their revolution against the old systems to create the new world."

What will happen once we get the land and start living on it...? We will have to work all of that out once we get there...

"But what we think is less than what we know; what we know is less than what we love; what we love is so much less than what there is. And to that precise extent we are so much less than what we are..."

Earth People's Lark



So we're out here, trucking around the country and we keep finding people all over who need the same thing we do. So it seems logical that all these guys get to know each other....Earth People's Park energy centers are forming all over--New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Boston, Cincinnati, Lima, Athens, Ann Arbor, New Haven, Hartford, Boston, Santa Fe, Philadelphia--becoming sometimes a focus for a (new?) family, stable hubs of information input-output, so we can all wire into each other's fantasies and help each other make these fantasies become eath people's family.

Yes, we know that a lot of people think Earth People's Park will become hip concentrations camps... maybe so, and if that's what's in your head maybe that's what will happen...

"You are the stage, you are the actor, everything is for real, there is no audience..."

It seems though that it's time to stop talking about 'if's'---without losing sight of what's real out there---and start taking care of what we really need, bit by bit, as we can handle it. *"Man has constantly to sum up experience and go on discovering, investing, creating and advancing. Ideas of stagnation, pessimism, inertia and complacency are all wrong. They are wrong because they agree neither with the historical facts of social development over the past million years, nor with the historical facts of nature so far known to us...nature as revealed to us in the history of celestial bodies, the earth, life, and other natural phenomena."*

Many brothers and sisters, out there taking care of what they see as a necessity, are taking care of their degree of the rainbow. The same circumstances touch all of us in different intensities... the black liberation movement, Latin America, Southeast Asia, the disintegration of our society...and we come up with different actions and thoughts depending on our own experiences. It's all our reactions together that build our movement, make it strong, and we'll learn more and more to cover for each other, dancing on these different degrees of the rainbow.

*"Oh, a sleeping drunkard
up in Central Park
And a lion-hunter
in the jungle dark
and a Chinese dentist
and a British queen
all fit together
in the same machine
Nice, nice, very nice;
Nice, nice, very nice;
Nice, nice, very nice...
So many different people
In the same device"*

A Chicago energy center is starting to come together. You can wire into it through the Seed (929-0133). In the next issue there will be factual information on this scene so more people can plug into it. This means more brains, more energy, more of everything so ways and means can be figured out to raise the money and buy some land.

Isn't that maybe what it's all about...that we always have first-hand correct information.

"There is absolutely no inevitability as long as there is a willingness to contemplate what is happening..."

keep in touch rock on peace and sunshine

The Hog Farm

with a little help from:

Kurt Vonnegut, The Living Theater, the Diggers and Jerry Rubin, Marshall McLuhan, the Motherfuckers, Gary Snyder, Herbert Marcuse, R.D. Laing, the Sufis, and Chairman Mao.

Social forms will develop organically and naturally and the balance between freedom and 'control' will be determined by the nature and the consciousness of the community... Over the past few years a lot of us have learned that group energy is magic and can accomplish almost anything. We have been working on that in 'tribes' and 'families'. *"We use the term tribe because it suggests the type of new society now emerging within the industrial nations. The tribe proposes a totally different style; based on community houses, villages and ashrams; tribe-run farms or workshops or companies; large open families; pilgrimages and wanderings from center to center."*

It seems we are ready... that it is our natural evolution... to enlarge that family into communities where we can take care of family business in the same spirit of putting it all out front... where we will help each other to figure out the problems we are faced with.

"If our family does not have a great many new families working in unity and cooperation with the old families, our cause will come to a stop. All old families, therefore, should welcome the new ones with the utmost enthusiasm and show them the warmest solicitude. True, new families have their shortcomings. They have not been long in the revolution and lack experience and unavoidably some have brought with them vestiges of the unwholesome ideology of the old society, remnants of petty-bourgeois individualism. But such shortcomings can be gradually eliminated through education and tempering in the revolution. The strong point of the new families is that they are acutely sensitive to what is new and are therefore enthusiastic and active to a high degree, the very qualities which some of the old families lack."

"Peculiar travel suggestions are dancing lessons from God."

See, what happened to us, Hog Farmers is, that last summer, we bought this piece of land in New Mexico and tucked ourselves away on it, wanting to get off the bus for a while... and then we went to Woodstock and lots of folks came to see us after that and our 14 acres became tent-city and we got crowded out of our beds and dinner became smaller and smaller... we figured that it made no sense at all to tell anybody to go away and it became obvious that what we needed is more land, more places to go do it on.... We couldn't handle that all by ourselves, of course, and then, during the winter, the EArth People's Park fantasy started to take on some shape...

"We are the vanguard of fantasy. Where we live is liberated territory in which fantasy moves about freely at all hours of the day, from which it mounts its attack on occupied territory. Each day brings new areas under our control. Each day fantasy discovers new forms of organization. Each day it further consolidates its control, has less to fear, can afford more time in self discovery..."

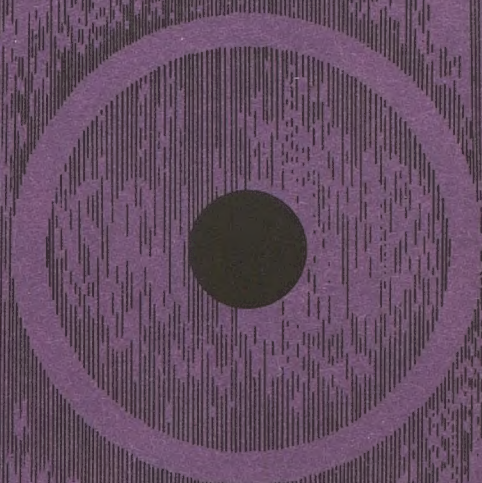


ARMANDO

The only way to have a successful rock festival is, apparently, to let it happen of its own accord as much as you can. The more directions, instructions and restrictions the promoters create, the less people seem to take it upon themselves to make what has to happen happen. If that is the case, then the midwest's first major rock festival, near Poynette, Wisconsin, was one of the best ever. No one, before, during or after, had so much as a vague idea of what was going on. Totally nondirected, the ten thousand or so wandered about their business with total aplomb, and only the smallest disasters occurred. Thousands ducked through the woods and past the admission gate, a ridiculously easy thing to do; still, many lived out their Viet Cong guerrilla fantasies skulking from tree to tree, homing in on the music in the dark. The promoters of course lost their shirts, but when they broadcast a plea for contributions to help pay off some of their contracts, they pulled in well over a thousand dollars in an hour. Several of the myriad campfires got out of control in the unseasonably warm and dry weather, but no fire has a chance when two hundred longhairs descend on it with blankets, tents, flags, buckets, feet, etc, stomping and dancing til it's ground into mud. Most remarkable was the total lack of crowding which made Woodstock, Altamont, and almost all the rest of last year's festivals so claustrophobic in front of the stage. The adolescent desire to push to the front was just not there, and folks spread out around campfires, talking, sharing dopedope, food, and wine til the cows came home, and after that too. The microphone was reasonably open, and every conceivable variety of requests, chants, orders, songs, arguments, poetry would likely come rolling out over the wooded hills at unpredictable times.

Perhaps the real reason for the easy, down-home spirit was that the featured band was the Grateful Dead. Now if it had been Led Zeppelin, we could have expected to see all sorts of suburban teenybeats pushing towards the stage, sitting zombielike for three days with no understanding of the life-support systems that had to go on around them. But the Dead - well, the Dead are just Something Else. After two days in which the only musical standouts were Wilderness Road, the Dead came on at two in the afternoon and played til the sun went down. They and the audience laid down an endless acid wipeout that featured public nudity, drug taking, wine drinking and all the other articles of faith. That along with a plentiful supply of Sunshine made it an afternoon to remember; later that night, Baby Huey summed it all up with his cover-all-the-bases chant:

"Power to the people
Power to the revolution
Power to the cosmos....."



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